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Among the reproductions of important works, are a new edition of BURKE's "Romance of the Aristocracy," enlarged and greatly improved, and a fourth edition of PEIRHARD's now standard work on "The Natural History of Man." Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" has attained the honour of a second edition very speedily.

The promoters of the *National Review* are evidently very great men, judged by their own account of themselves. All the old reviews, contemptuously termed "the established and conventional formulas of thought," are spoken of as "confessedly inadequate to express the actual convictions of the time;" and although they do not quite deny the excellence of some of the leading periodicals, they accuse even these of an utter absence of ascertained principles, coherent and strict deductions, and of defined and searching discussions. The want thus indicated the promoters of *The National Review* propose to supply; they will be all to the nation which the writers in the *Quarterly* and the *Edinburgh*, and other established reviews, are not; and as they set out by stating their belief that thousands of their fellow-countrymen are waiting for their services, there can be no doubt that the speculation will be a very profitable one. Extensive, however, as are their views, they are as nothing to the proposed scope of their usefulness. Religion in its most Catholic sense, politics the most cosmopolitan, and literature the most varied, are the fields in which their great talents are to be exercised, and great talents they evidently have, if we are to credit the assertions, direct and implied, in their manifesto. One quality they evidently have not—

modesty; and a little of that would add a grace and charm to their undertaking which at present it certainly does not possess.

The obituary of the fortnight contains two remarkable names, in a literary point of view—Lord STRANGFORD and Dr. GAISFORD. The former has been long known as the elegant translator of CAMOENS; and it is understood that during the latter years of an active and well-spent life (mainly passed abroad in the arena of diplomacy) the venerable peer amused his learned leisure with publishing the results of his researches in an immense variety of literary questions in the columns of our contemporary, *Notes and Queries*. Of both the Society of Antiquarians and the Camden Society he was a valuable and valued member. To whom, be he Oxonian or not, is the name of THOMAS GAISFORD unfamiliar? As a profound scholar, his reputation is world-wide; indeed, so reconite was the quality of his learning, that in Germany, where scholarship is pushed to a higher pitch than in this country, he was better known than even here. His edition of Herodotus is known to every scholar; but his "Etymologicum Magnum" and his "Theodoret" are works not comprehensible to any but scholars of the first order.

MARCH.

He stands like a warler stout and strong
In the open gate of the year.
He bloweth loud and he bloweth long
A blast on the horn in his hands,
And it rolleth shrilly and clear
Through the amber caves low under the waves,
And it rolleth along the lands.

The sprites of the fruits and flowers and leaves,
They had long been out at play
With the spirits that rule the mallow sheaves—
In the crystalline palaces—
In the ether halls no mortal sees—
In the gardens under the day:
But the stirring blast that clarion cast
Oh it broke their holiday!

And they hurry home at their topmost speed,
Flurried and flush'd with the sudden need,
Sprinkling earth as they pass along
With a flood of colour and gush of song—
For the SUMMER is coming to wed the SPRING,
And Earth on their altar her wealth shall fling;
And the Heavens soft colours and breezes bring,
And the hollow heights and the depths shall ring
With a wild overgushing of gladdening
With the tumult and joy of that marrying!

J. J. BRITTON.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

HISTORY.

An Inquiry into the Credibility of the Early Roman History. By the Right Hon. Sir GEORGE CORNEWALL LEWIS. 2 vols. London: Parker and Son.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

THE laws of all nations justly reject the testimony of a near relative who, it is feared, might be tempted to misrepresent facts in favour of his kinsman, and more especially so, if the same witness openly admits that he is in duty bound wilfully and knowingly to withhold the truth in all matters which affect the interests and character of his family. It were, indeed, a gross prostitution of justice to rely upon the evidence of such an eye-witness. This is just the case with the ancient historians, whose testimonies, though they may relate to contemporary events, cannot—if submitted to the test of judicial inquiry, as Sir G. C. Lewis proposes—in the least be relied upon; and the consequence would be that the whole of Greek and Roman histories, from beginning to end, would be considered a "waste of time" to read and study, if tested by judicial evidence.

The ancients did not consider as history the mere enumeration or narration of naked facts, but they tried to invest them with grace, spirit, and valuable effect by other far different elements. It was the general opinion among the ancient writers that an historian was in duty bound to misrepresent facts in favour of the glory of his country and ancestors. Even the critical Dionysius reproaches Thucydides, (Epis. ad Cn. Pomp. c. 3), with not having acted as an *ἀνὴρ φιλόπολις* by representing the causes of the Peloponnesian war such as they really were, rather than endeavouring to develop them to the glory of his native place. The same reproach also is bestowed by Plutarch on Herodotus (De Malignitate Herodoti vol. iv. p. 403; comp. also Polyb. i. 14, Reliqu. lib. xvi., 17). This rather singular demand is easily explained from their filial love and veneration for all that was hallowed by time, for all that was done and performed by their ancestors, whose memory they held in such veneration that they did not even hesitate to derive their origin from supernatural sources, and to lend to their deeds all the superhuman powers of heroes or semi-gods. Tacitus, in his own style, says in a few words (Annal. ii. c. 88), of the Greeks, "qui sua tantum mirantur" and of the Romans, "qui vetera extolluntur." Livy says this expressly, (in Preface) of the Roman history: "Datur hæc venia antiquitati, ut miscendo humana divinis, primordia urbium augustiora faciat. Et si cui populo licere oportet, consecrare origines suas et ad Deos referre auctores, ea belli gloria est populo Romano, et cum suum conditionisque parentem Martem potissimum ferat, tam et hoc gentes humane patiantur æquo animo, quam imperium patiuntur."

There existed, it seems, among the Greeks, two distinct classes of readers of history, each entertaining peculiar views of the nature and character of history generally. There were the masses, the

bulk of the people, who read history for the sake of amusement, as now they read entertaining novels or other works of polite literature which were not yet in existence in those early times. The *scriptores historie poetice*, mentioned by Fabricius (Bibl. Gr. iii. c. 27), seem certainly to approach very nearly the character of our modern novelists; but the oldest of the class lived, no doubt, only after Polybius, 146 B.C. The reading masses frequently turned, for change, from poetry to history, and they consequently expected to find in it entertaining reading. By this class of readers history was looked upon as a poetical production, as a sort of romance, where critical fidelity is quite out of question. It was probably to this class of readers, which seems to have increased in number in proportion as the political power of Greece decreased in quality, that Isocrates (Panathen. ii. 180) alludes, when he observes, that "some seek in history only fine and elegant language, and others myths and fables." The second class of readers consisted of citizens who took, or intended to take, a part in the administration of the state; they entertained a far higher opinion of history; they required in it refinement and instruction; they looked at it as a text-book or manual of political theories and principles; and they, consequently, rested their own opinions on the authority of history, the pages of which they quoted as we do now the authority of Adam Smith, McCulloch, Ricardo, Canning, Huskisson, Peel, and other eminent political economists and statesmen. It was for this class alone that the better historians, such as Thucydides, Xenophon, Polybius, Philistus, and others, composed their immortal works. Thucydides (i. 23) and Polybius (Rel. ix. 1) expressly distinguish the two sorts of readers, which leaves no doubt as to their existence both in the flower and towards the decline of Greek historiography.

Amongst all nations historiography is the pure mirror of the political spirit of the age; and a people—like the Indians, for instance—that are deficient in historiography, are, no doubt, also deficient in political life and spirit. History partook of the spirit of the age among the Greeks. In the old logographers, the poetico-mythical element predominated. In the zenith of political greatness, the political element became prevalent. With the decline of political life, history also lost its political tendency, despite the efforts of a Polybius and other eminent writers; while after the total fall of Greece, her history degenerated into moral sayings, artificial speeches, or a mere nomenclature of dry facts and data.

Of all the arts of peace the Romans we find, generally put great value upon, and devoted time and study to, three things in particular—eloquence, history, and law—all of which had received a peculiar development amongst them, quite independent of Greek influence, and wholly at variance even with the Greek spirit; while philosophy, poetry and the modelling arts, they only borrowed, as it were, from the Greeks. Those three arts stood in close connection both with each other

and with the state generally. The arena of Roman eloquence was the Forum, the tribune of the Prætor (Cic. de Orat. ii. 13). The Roman statesman could not maintain his position without eloquence, knowledge of law, and profound acquaintance with the history of his country. The latter was the codex of politics, which the orator quoted in support of his opinions, and from which he derived matter for his speeches: (Cic. ad Hortensium, "Unde facilius quam" . . . ; De Orat. i. 34, 60; ii. 9). History was, in short, the source of political principles, just as the Twelve Tables were the source of the principles of law. It was owing to the peculiar spirit of the ancients, to that deeply-rooted veneration for time-hallowed precedents, that the maxims and actions of ancestors were considered strong authorities in all matters relating to public and private life. There was, moreover, in the Roman character a trait of rigorous stability and consequence—a high desire for political union—by which the past, present, and future were closely combined with each other in a political chain of logic and oratory reasoning. In the same way as all the later laws and judicial principles were more or less based upon the Twelve Tables, and invested with old forms, in order not to depart from bygone practices, in like manner did all the later maxims, debates, and decisions in state affairs always bear reference to the principles acted upon in times of yore. This spirit of conservative stability rendered history for the Romans a perfect school of political wisdom, with which neither the statesman nor the orator could in the least dispense. Only at Rome do we find, therefore, the remarkable fact that historians were, by virtue of that talent, appointed, as late even as the times of the emperors, to posts of important public affairs, as is evident from Ælius Lampridius (in Severo imp. c. 16), when he says: "Maxime Severus ad consulendum adhibuit eos, qui historiam norant, requirens, quid in talibus causis, quales indisceptione versabantur, veteres Imperatores vel Romani vel aliarum fecissent." There must have existed then a sort of Board or Council of historians; a circumstance that proves the high estimation in which history was held even in the corrupt times of the empire. Here, indeed, lies the great difference between the political history of modern times and the state history of the ancients. The former is a dead letter, a mere explanatory or expounding species of literature—a large marginal Note, as it were, to the history of the present time; but the latter was an active practical science, affecting the political life and movements of the existing state and generation. Hence the high esteem in which history was held by the Romans ever since the earliest periods of their existence; hence, also, the phenomenon, that until the time of the great Pompey only the richest statesmen and patricians occupied themselves with the composition of history (Sueton. de Clar. Rotor. c. 3), that even in later times the best and wisest emperors, the rulers of the known world, had made

it a point to leave behind an autograph history of their own reign. So did Cæsar, Augustus, Claudius, Trajan, Adrian, M. Aurel., and Sept. Severus; while most of the Roman historians of the better times of the Republic had been consuls, senators, or other high public functionaries.

These circumstances, added to the fact that history had been derived from the state annals, gave to Roman historiography a definite, distinct, and precise character. It was a state history in all its bearings; the political element, which is in Greek history so much intermixed with poetry, rhetoric, mythology, and philosophy, shows itself in Roman history in its genuine purity; so much so, that even Tacitus, though his work wears a poetical garb, is in spirit and conception a thorough Roman statesman, who lays down in a business-like manner the rules and principles of political wisdom by which he had been guided in his practical career as consul and senator. The poetico-mythical element, which is so visible throughout the whole of Greek history, was almost entirely banished by the Romans as unhistorical. It is true, we find interwoven in their history the (probably Greek) myths concerning their Trojan descent, the fables about the birth of the Twins, and many other narrations of wonders and miracles so little in harmony with real life; but they all bear the stamp of political and religious deceit and imposture rather than poetical invention or mythological credulity: (See Livy, *Præf.* Tacit. *Annal.* iii. 65, note 2, p. 103). The whole Roman history bears the character of matter-of-fact events, quite in the spirit of antique reality, though the events are not, for the above reason, told exactly as they have actually occurred. Even the fables and myths inserted by Trogus Pompeius, were merely done in imitation of Theopompus or the Greeks generally: (See Heeren, *de Fontibus etc. Trogl. Pomp.* xv.) We must wholly divest ourselves of the spirit of modern criticism to enable us to enter more fully into the sense and idea of antique prose and poetry, and to distinguish in the events related by the ancient historians the poetical from the prosaic narrative. Even the antique reality bears a different character from the modern; nor would we nowadays consider as real, practical, and historical all that was held to be so by the ancients. The Roman spirit was, however, less poetical than the Greek or any of the other ancient nations, because Rome was the youngest of all the ancient states, and her development had been greatly promoted by the history of the other nations which, at the time of her origin, had already attained a certain definite character. The Greek spirit having developed itself from the mythical age of history, and having for its school a pre-historical time full of fables, traditions, and poetical inventions, retained to the very last that poetical and mythical stamp which we discover even in the best of the Greek historians, while Rome's teachers, on the other hand, were the Carthaginians, Etruscans, and other people from an historical age. The Greeks could only derive instruction from the mythical histories of the Babylonians, Egyptians, Phœnicians, and other nations of Minor Asia; while Rome came everywhere in contact with people who were already in possession of practical history. Until Quintilianus, no Roman writer had ever taken notice, or even perceived the existence, of the poetical spirit that pervades the Greek history and writings. Even in Herodotus, Cicero only admires his eloquence (*De Orat.* ii. 13), and wherever he mentions the Greek historians, we hear him only talk with praise of their oratorical powers; but nothing is said of their poetical diction and conception. Well-rounded, harmonious, and polished sentences are the only traits of beauty which the Roman historian discovers in a Roman writer; and a deficiency in that respect is the only fault he finds with an author: (See Cicero's opinion of Cato and other ancient writers, in *Brut.* c. 17; *De Leg.* i. 21; *De Orat.* ii. 12, &c. &c.)

The Roman historians themselves are rich in interspersed and interpolated speeches, as rich and even richer than the Greek. These speeches seem to have been inserted either for the sake of eloquence, or by way of explaining some political doctrines in state economy which the authors wished to impress upon their readers. They are, therefore, like those in Thucydides, replete with maxims on state and politics, on customs and laws. Neither are they less intended to furnish the reader with a sketch of the character of the various nations, the parties, chiefs, and other acting personages, by allowing them to

speak for themselves; i. e., by putting in their mouths speeches which, though they were never uttered, formed, nevertheless, the true reflecting mirror of the inward character, spirit, and way of thinking of the actors at issue.

In looking at the extant fragments of the oldest Roman historians—Fabius Pictor, Cincius Alimentus, M. Portius Cato, L. Calpurnius Piso, Cassius Hemina, C. Fannius, L. Cælius Antipater, Sempronius Asellio, L. Sisenna, Claudius Quadrigarius, Valerius Antias, C. Licinius Macer, Nigidius Figulus, Ælius Tubero, and some others—they seem to bear a striking affinity with the Annals, the first germs of Roman historiography. In the meagre, rough, abrupt style, the brevity of which consists not in compressed elegance, but rather in the clumsy arrangement of the words—in the uneven and fragmentary composition of the different sentences (See Cato's account of G. Cæditiæ, in *Gell. Noct. Att.* iii. 7), we can only perceive a certain youthful unpractised attempt of a tyro, the first prose of an undeveloped mind, as yet deficient in poetical grace, fullness, and power. Neither does the matter which they treat relate—like the Greek—to a fabulous and mythical era, but to practical ages and prosaic subjects, as is plainly seen in Cato, Fabius, and Cincius, whose theme was the history of their own turbulent times. But the entire absence of poetry is already replaced by visible traces of eloquence in those early histories, which gradually developed itself and kept equal pace with the progress of historiography itself. It was the custom among the Romans either to write down themselves their own speeches after they had been made, and circulate them among the people; or to have them done by some clerks (not unlike our reporters) who took them down from the mouth of the speakers: (*Suet. Jul. Cæs.* c. 55; *Senec. Epis.* 33.) As late as the time of Cicero, there was still extant a speech of Appius Claudius the Blind on the peace with Pyrrhus: (*Cic. Brut.* c. 16.) Cato the Elder had written down more than 150 speeches, which Cicero had read, and among which were some of his own. Still, all those older historians never wrote history in the spirit of genuine criticism, not even in the spirit of love of information, as did Herodotus—but merely to exercise and exhibit in it their own patriotism, line of policy, and eloquence. This peculiar and partial direction of the early Roman history is one among the chief causes of the obscurity and uncertainty in which the early Roman periods are enveloped, and which none of the early antiquarians, such as Varro, Nepos, and Atticus, were able wholly to dispel. History was thus, with the ancients, a sort of manual of political economy, illustrated by facts. Those facts or events, therefore, which did not directly bear upon the propounded principles, were entirely omitted, while others were framed, developed, twisted, and turned, in such a manner as to adapt themselves to the fixed doctrines, and bear out the principles apparently to be adduced; in the same way as many M.P.s and statesmen do now cook statistics into such a shape as to lend weight to certain doctrines adopted by their party in Parliament. Hence interpolated imagery speeches, and dialogues; hence the wonderful origin and progress of Rome, which had always on her side right, night, and virtue. Rome's conquests were always founded—so her historians tell us—on reason and humanity; and the whole globe falls—if we believe Livy, Sallust, and others—under her power by its own fault, and by a natural process of strict justice. All the events must naturally ally themselves in support of those views; and where they rather militated, they were so re-constructed that they at last assumed a corroborative aspect. History was with the ancient Romans an art *à priori* instead of *à posteriori*. From the political laws and principles already established were adduced the facts; while with us the principles are thought or assumed to be the result of facts. Neither must we quarrel with the ancients on that score. Every simple fact or occurrence will not only be related but even conceived differently by different individuals, according to their peculiar mental and moral constitutions. The fantastic will conceive it from its poetical side—it will please him on account of its oddity or singularity; while the cold philosopher will analyse it into cause and effect, and will find its value in usefulness and correct speculation: the man of warm feelings will neglect and overlook the deed, and try to enter into the soul and heart of the actor; while the sensual man contemplates the pleasure and

lust to be derived from the fact or deed, and will judge of its importance by the amount of its sensual use. Thus, even contemporary writers may differ in the account they respectively give of an event, without compromising their characters for honesty and veracity; while our author would in that case be considerably puzzled at such contradictory evidence, and might probably, as a matter-of-fact judge, reject the whole as false and fabulous, without trying to sift the internal evidence and the various circumstances attending the event, in order to arrive at the truth by circumstantial evidence, which guides nearly all the decisions of our courts and juries in conflicting questions. Cicero (*Academ.* ii.) says this plainly with regard to the testimony of a witness: "*Quam rationem majorum etiam comprobant diligentia: qui primum jurare ex sui animi sententia quemque voluerunt; deinde ita teneri, si sciens falleret; quod inscientia multa versaretur in vita; tum, qui testimonium diceret, ut arbitrari se diceret, etiam quod ipse vidisset; quæque jurati judices cognovissent, ut ea non esse facta, sed ut videri pronunciarent.*"

All the historical labour bestowed upon the early centuries of Rome (concludes our author) will in general be wasted. . . . The workers on this historical treadmill may continue to grind the air, but they will never produce any valuable result.

Indeed, no ware seems nowadays to be less sought in the literary market than views and opinions; they seem to be almost entirely prohibited as contraband, as articles imported from Russia. It may be that education has presumptively or really become so general, that every reader thinks himself competent to give his opinion on the most important interests of humanity; or it may be that the multiplicity of writing and printing has already sent forth such a quantity of views and opinions, that the price of the commodity has fallen with the increase of the article, or, as the Chancellor of the Exchequer would say, the supply has exceeded the demand. It is, however, clear on the other hand, that mere learning and erudition, though accumulated in ponderous volumes, only resemble a rough marble block, which requires the spirit of the artist to shape into a statue. The block may be acquired by any one, but not the art. The question, therefore, is how to unite them both, in such a manner that the collected treasures of memory and study of bygone days should be rendered available and useful for existing purposes? Nothing remains, but to have again recourse to views and opinions—i. e., to impart life to the dead, to unite the past with the present by a chain of subjective views, which may after all contain as much of important truth as does the objective reality. To discard speculative philosophy in history is to discard the faculty of thinking, to leave undigested all that we have read and studied for years of the events in past times, since it is called "*waste of time or labour*" to draw synthetic conclusions, to arrive at the truth by a chain of probable conjectures!

Let us, in conclusion, remind our author, that the test to which he submits the credibility of ancient history, the test of eye-witness evidence, has already been suggested by the Roman writers themselves. *Verrius Flaccus* (ap. *Gell. N. A.* v. 18), says: "*Historiam ab annalibus quidam differre eo putant, quodcum utrumque sit rerum gestarum narratio, earum tamen proprie sit historia, quibus rebus gerendis interfuerit is, qui narret.*" Cicero and other ancient critics of eminence were, however, of a different opinion; and Sir G. Cornwall Lewis must, therefore, not expect that his sceptical views in history will be shared by all thinking minds generally.

Neither do we believe that the author himself has "*wasted his time*" by his erudite "*Inquiry into the Credibility of the Early Roman History*" in which he has displayed a vast knowledge of the ancients, and has furnished us with a text-book as profound in its bearings as it will prove useful for the student, scholar, and diligent inquirer, though we think him and others of his views to be too *incredulous* in their conclusions, in the same way as they think the ancients too *credulous* in their narratives; the latter are apt to convert a fable into a history, and the former, *vice versa*, a history into a fable. "*Quot homines, tot sententiae.*"

The Monarchy of France: its Rise, Progress, and Fall. By WM. TOOKE, F.R.S. London: Low and Son.

THIS is not a history to be read, but a chronology to be consulted. It is a bare collection of facts and

dates, stated in the fewest words, arranged in order of time—a monument of laborious industry which we fear will not have its reward. It would be impossible to take this book and read it through, or, indeed, to peruse successively any number of pages, for there is nothing to enliven them in the shape of description or disquisition—only dry curt statements, briefer than an annual register, but a little more detailed than a regular chronology. It contains abundant material for history, but it is not history in itself. The Appendix is a curious collection of documents relating to the Revolution, with lists of the Deputies to the States-General; of the Marshals of France; of those who voted for and against the death of the King; and, more curious still, the style and duration of the several Governments that have prevailed in France since the dissolution of the National Convention in 1795 to 1855, and they amount to no less than thirteen—in sixty years!

The 13th, 14th, and 15th vols of the *Illustrated History of England* continue Mr. Hughes's Reigns of George III. and IV. from 1779 to 1809. It is a neat and very cheap cabinet edition of Hume and Smollett, continued to this time by the editor.

The 3rd vol. of *Conde's History of the Dominion of the Arabs in Spain*, translated by Mrs. Jonathan Foster, completing the work, has just made its appearance in "Bohn's Standard Library," and a copious index provides the means for ready reference to any part of it. The rise and fall of this alien power is one of the romances which history supplies so abundantly, and Conde has treated it in a manner worthy of its strange character. His narrative is as picturesque as his theme. It is, in fact, an epic poem in prose.

Books relating to the war continue to be favourites with authors and publishers, if not with the public. Following the stream, the Rev. Dr. Grant, Archdeacon of St. Albans, has written a brief *Historical Sketch of the Crimea*, being the substance of a lecture delivered to a literary society in the country. It contains much matter in a little space.

BIOGRAPHY.

Swedenborg: a Biography and an Exposition. By EDWIN PAXTON HOOD. London: Arthur Hall and Co. 12mo.

WHAT manner of man was this Emanuel Swedenborg? No common man, certainly; and yet it would appear as if the world were unable to make up its mind upon the question, and give a distinct answer. No common man, we affirm; and yet a man born into the world to be misunderstood by those who do not care to understand him. He was an impostor, it has been said; yet no one has stated who they were he imposed upon. He was a deceiver; but no one has ever yet heard of the deceived. He was a fanatic; but we have never read of any one being seduced by his words or writings from the gentilities of popular creeds. He was a liar, it has been asserted; and yet there is abundant testimony that no man had ever a greater love of truth, or who more thoroughly detested an evasion, a subterfuge, a conventional lie. He was insane; and yet the ablest of his contemporaries, and men since eminent in science and philosophy, have spoken of his clear intellect and sound understanding. His present biographer and expositor has brought together all that has been said to his praise or disadvantage. As a man of science, his claims may have been overlooked, but have never been disputed. As a chemist, a mineralogist, a physiologist, a mechanician, or, as we should now say, civil engineer, he was considerably in advance of his age. He made discoveries in physics which have been claimed by others. "I am surprised," writes Berzelius, after having read his "Animal Kingdom," "at the great knowledge displayed by Swedenborg in a subject that a professed metallurgist would not have supposed to have made an object of study, and in which, as in all he undertook, he was in advance of his age." Professor Patterson, of the University of Pennsylvania, speaks of this book as an extraordinary production. He says: "Many of the experiments, and observations on magnetism, presented in this work, are believed to be of much more modern date, and are unjustly ascribed to much more recent writers." The brain, and the correspondence of its motions with respiration, was treated of by Swedenborg in 1740. Blumenbach gives the honour of this discovery to Schlichting, who first accurately described this phenomenon in 1744. He made a discovery with respect to the motion of the blood in the cavities of the heart, which has been ascribed to Dr. Wilson; and another of the existence of a passage of communication between the

right and left or two lateral ventricles of the cerebrum, which has been conceded to the great anatomist Monro.

It is as a moralist and religious teacher, as a theosophist, that Swedenborg presents the greatest difficulty to the mind of the present age. Those who have contemplated him seriously and critically under these aspects speak of him as no common man. He ceases to be a mystic, a madman, an arrogant blasphemer, when he is measured by a mind calm and unprejudiced. Coleridge, whose reputation as a metaphysician entitles his judgment to respect, says of Swedenborg: "As a moralist Swedenborg is above all praise; and as a naturalist, psychologist, and theologian, he has strong and varied claims on the gratitude and admiration of the professional and philosophical faculties." Emerson pronounces his writings to be a sufficient library to a lonely and athletic student; and, so far from seeing in him the religious monomaniac, or the enthusiast whose religious life is turgid, gusty, and unequal, he beholds only a man of a uniform religious temperament, and that firm, unpretending, and sincere. "Instead of a religion which visited him diplomatically three or four times—when he was born, when he married, when he fell sick, and when he died, and for the rest never interfered with him"—his religion "attended him all day long, accompanied him even into sleep and dreams." Emerson, being reputed of the German neological school with some justice, and as a Transatlantic mystic with no justice, may, to some minds, be regarded as a witness incompetent to speak of a reputed Scandinavian mystic. Hear, then, Professor von Goerres, Roman Catholic—a man who, in spite of his peculiar creed, has done some service to the cause of Christian truth, and who cannot be suspected of favourable leaning towards a heretic. "Swedenborg," he says, "was not a man to be carried away by an unbridled imagination; still less did he ever manifest, during his whole life, the slightest symptom of mental aberration. On the other hand, he was in life and disposition so blameless, that no man dare even intimate any suspicion of concerted deception; and posterity have no right to call into question the unsuspected testimony of those who lived in the same age with Swedenborg, and who knew him well; if this mode of judgment be permitted, all historical evidence, even the holiest and most venerable, might be reduced to nothing." Again: "he was guided in his researches by a mind clear, acutely analytic, endowed with skill, and well disciplined in mathematics and logic." Dr. W. H. Stowell, President of Cheshunt College, places him in the class of imaginative mystics; and says of his "Memorable Relations" that "they abound with beautiful scenes and happy metaphors; but they are remarkable in their contrast, both in matter and in manner, with the visions and revelations of the Lord which are contained in the Holy Scriptures." The contrast here spoken of must strike the most inattentive reader of Swedenborg's works; but contrast of matter and manner does not permit us always to say of a writer that he is at variance with truth. Saint Paul in matter and in manner contrasts strongly with the holy and prophetic Isaiah; but we never once suspect that the former is at variance with the latter.

Let it not for a moment be supposed that we are either the apologists or advocates of Swedenborg; or that we desire to place him on a level with Christ and his Apostles; or that we recommend his doctrines and expositions of Scripture as superior to any of the doctrines and Scriptural expositions of uninspired men. We desire simply to do justice to a great and good, but a most misunderstood and misrepresented man. We are bound to say that nine-tenths of those who regard him as a mystic, a madman, a propagator of false doctrine, have never read a single line of his writings. It is difficult to define mysticism, as it is difficult to define madness. Festus regarded St. Paul as a madman. Paul considered that he spake alone the words of truth and soberness. To Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews, Jesus was as a mystic when he emitted the grand spiritual truth, Except a man be born again he cannot see the Kingdom of Heaven. The master in Israel lacked spiritual insight. Incomprehensible doctrine! How can a man be born again when he is old? Just then it is when the new birth is most to be desired. Except a man be born of water and the Spirit, said the divinest of teachers, he cannot enter the Kingdom of God! Nicodemus, astonished rather than convinced, ex-

claimed—Can these things be? Yea, these things, the words of Christ, can be; but to this hour they are a mystery to all but those to whom grace has been given to discern them spiritually. In the writings of Swedenborg we have encountered things hard to be understood—expressions of daring—interpretations of Scripture which have tended to reverse our ordinary views of texts and passages; but for all this we have felt conscious of the presence of a great teacher and spiritual guide, one of strong and earnest faith—of a man who, while searching into the deep things of God, still evidences the man desirous of walking humbly with God. Again, let it be clearly understood that we are not holding forth Swedenborg as the teacher in these latter days who alone is to be listened to. Nevertheless, he ought to be tried upon the evidence of his own works and his own doings, and every one so trying him will pronounce his verdict accordingly. Looking over what we have now written, it would appear as if we admit that he has been tried and condemned, and that, in mitigation of sentence, we have been presenting certificates of good conduct to the court. Be it so. None of the certificates we have presented have been written by any of his followers; and the final one we have to place before the reader, bearing the signature of Morell, deserves at least perusal. In his "History of Philosophy," he says:—

Wrapt in his own deep reveries, Swedenborg could not resist the idea that God, by a special act of His providence, had brought the scenery of the spiritual world, and the relations of spiritual truth, before his own mental vision, and within the sphere of his own intellect. With a mind fraught with long study upon nature and her works; with a soul habituated to deep meditation upon spiritual things; with a vivid imagination, that could trace the analogies of higher truth in the dark windings of material forms; with a moral nature purified by virtue, and an exquisite sensibility of the whole system; he lost himself in the visions of his own inmost soul. Sometimes he seemed transported out of the body. Then, anon, he would look up at the world around him. Sometimes he pursued his high imaginings unconscious of the lapse of time; and then he wrote down that he had seen a vision of angels; and thus the high truth that man, when his nature is elevated, can converse with the spiritual world through the medium of religious faith, became transformed into a special revelation, that was to usher in the purified Church and the latter-day glory. Swedenborg was assuredly a great intellectual phenomenon. Seldom, perhaps never, have so many systems concentrated in a single mind. He began a simple observer, a Baconian analyst; from that he raised himself to the region of rational and ideal truth; and ended a mystic, the favoured channel of a new dispensation to mankind. In him sensationalism, idealism, and mysticism were united; the only phase through which he never passed was scepticism. Had he been fortunate enough to complete the cycle, had a tinge of wholesome scepticism curbed his credulity, we might have had a great philosopher and an active Christian reformer, unmarred by the enthusiasm that dared to claim the title and the honours of a divine and apostolic messenger.

It is when Swedenborg is presented to us as a seer that we feel most perplexed. What shall we say of this man? Was he a visionary, or an impostor? Did he labour under the strong delusion that made him believe even a lie? None of these questions do we attempt, far less pretend to be able, to answer. The record exists. Facts are stated. Evidence has been given by persons worthy of all credit. Philosopher such as Immanuel Kant has repeated and as good as indorsed several of the wonderful things told of this Swedenborg, who died quietly in his bed, on the very day he had predicted, a month beforehand, to his landlord Shearman, the wig-maker of Coldbath-square, Clerkenwell. Kant was not a follower of Swedenborg; but Kant believed in his thorough integrity of character and soundness of mind. Of the many things he relates we give one only:—

The anecdote respecting the fire at Stockholm has had many relators. I give the brief account furnished by Mr. Springer, in a letter to Mr. Perneti, prefixed to the translation of the latter of the treatise on Heaven and Hell. "I asked him," says Mr. S., "whether it was true, as I had read related, that when he was at Gottenburg (on landing from England), a city sixty Swedish miles from Stockholm, he had told his friends, three days before the arrival of the post, the exact time of the great fire which happened at Stockholm (and consumed all the southern suburbs in 1759): to which he replied, that what he had heard was perfectly true." Mr. Perneti states, from other information, that Swedenborg was afterwards told that his own house had been the prey of the flames: to which

he replied, "No, my house is not burnt; the fire only reached to such and such places." This was found to be the case.

We have to commend Mr. Paxton Hood's book to the notice of those who desire to know of Swedenborg and his writings. In some cases we dissent from his views of the man, and are disposed to take exception to some of his expositions of his doctrines; but on the whole his book may be read with profit, as he writes in earnest.

Two more volumes of the collected *Works of Lord Brougham* have been issued by Griffin and Co. Vol. II. contains the "Lives of Men of Letters," and Vol. III. the "Lives of the Philosophers, of the Reign of George III." Lord Brougham excels in biography; and no portion of his many and various works will live so long as those before us. Most of the men he treats of he had known personally; and therefore his sketches are unusually vivid and life-like. Where he does not write from personal knowledge he is enabled by his acquaintance with human nature to take an accurate measure of a man's mind from his works; and, thus judging, his conclusions are for the most part marvellously correct.

POLITICS AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

Familiar Words, as affecting the Character of Englishmen and the Fate of England. By DAVID URQUHART. London: Trübner and Co., Paternoster-row. 1855.

We expect, on opening a volume which bears the name of Mr. Urquhart, to meet with thoughts in opposition to the tone and spirit of the age—ideas to offend the preconceived opinions of the superficial reader, and provoke the thoughtful to reflection—a close analysis of the subject under review, and a suggestive style, even to those who dissent from the author's judgment on events that mark the character of his day and generation. The present work is a criticism on the corruption of language as the result and sign of perverted mental operations—an examination of terms warped from their original sense, till, ceasing to express thought, which in its essence is unchangeable, they reflect only through a false medium its broken and distorted rays, to the dazzling of our mental vision and the danger of our uncertain steps.

We can afford but brief space to notice the author's treatment of "familiar words," nor is it necessary. The work itself is small and easily attainable. Mr. Urquhart delves at the root of speech with the earnestness of a man seeking to restore the passage to a vein of gold long hidden: casting aside in his rude labour the ores he considers worthless, the alloy, the parasitical vegetation which have choked up through ages of abandonment the entrance to an ancient mine.

Mr. Urquhart's proposition is this:—*Men cannot think, and know what thought is, until they ascend beyond the terms which are used as the signs of thought.* "You must," he remarks in pursuance of the argument, "you must cease to recollect before you begin to think; you must know that your thoughts are of a certain country and a certain age, until entering into their elements you think for yourself." He denies the fact of our national progress, practically, in a moral and intellectual point of view, or that the rapid and immense development of modern science proves or produces that true wisdom which constitutes the vitality of states. The people, and the individuals whose aggregate forms the people, are hurried by the seduction of delusive sounds into the maze of error: we talk of *freedom* till we cease to be free; of *happiness*, while we neglect to live. By the mutation of words, applied falsely or tortured from their original sense, the idea of the citizen's responsibility is lost in generalities, the knowledge of men and things confounded in abstractions. Three words, says Mr. Urquhart, independently of the meaning they convey, suffice to give the character of a man.

Our lives are spent in dealing with each other, and managing each other; yet the ablest amongst us are only peeping into their fellows, like children into wells. Rare indeed the instances are of those qualified to see clearly therein. . . . That knowledge in which the mastery of men resides comes not by intuition, but by observation. . . . A word, insignificant as to meaning, and unconsciously used by the speaker, is of all others, indicative of his dispositions. . . . He who has the habit of saying "really," you know to be trifling; "indeed," to be insincere; "rather," to be puzzle-pated; "in fine," to be loquacious; "in truth," to be double-faced; "quite," to be a schemer; and all to be destitute of

judgment, because an habitual superfluity results from an anxiety to disguise, and an inability to conceal.

When a man hears something new, he will follow it or he will not; he will possess himself of it, or he will not. In the first case he will ask further; in the latter he will speak of himself. The first belongs to the class of active intelligences; the second does not. The first will be known by the point of interrogation; the second by the particle "if," or "but." The first, if satisfied, will say "I see;" the second will say "I think." The first is the simplest expression of the application of the mind to an object; the second, the sign of inability to use the mind.

"The soul of a man is in his words, the fate of a nation in its sentences." From this text the author proceeds to analyse certain ambiguous and deceptive terms, which, perverted to designate abstractions, give rise to barren disputations and destroy the sense of living agency. He condemns the practice of deluded or dishonest reasoners, who, to escape the consequences of a fact adduced, take refuge beneath the shelter of a "general proposition." Under this head Mr. Urquhart exposes a familiar fallacy.

We speak of the childhood, manhood, and old age of a nation, and so unconsciously refer its good or bad conduct to natural causes; no man refers to infancy the growth, or to necessity the bankruptcy, of a mercantile firm. If merchants conceived that profits or failure came by a law of nature, there would be an end of care and industry. . . . An animal is born into the world without its knowledge; its increase is not of its will; its organs and its powers are not of its own making; its decay no care can prevent, and its dissolution no power avert. The aggregation of men into one nation exists by its will; its functions are adjusted by its sense; its fortune depends on its deserts; its dissolution is brought about by its acts, not because the men die, but because the requisite attention is not given. The childhood of man is ignorant and helpless; the early period of a nation is energetic and cognisant. The last years of a man breaking through age are feeble and sluggish, seeking only repose, contemptuous of the present, and living only in recollections of the past: the last years of a nation present vehement agitation and contention; it lives only in the present, and is forgetful and contemptuous of all that has preceded it. The infancy and old age of nations are then the reverse of the same periods in individuals. How could they be confounded? By the habit of general propositions; whence it follows that the notion was absurd that it was the virtues of the fathers which built up the state, or that it is the vices of the sons that bring it to decay. . . . There is no law of existence for a nation, no finite dimensions for its limbs, nor limited epoch for its life; yet by a merely habitual sentence we personify a nation as a living animal, destined to grow and condemned to perish. This personification is the infraction of no law, yet it brings the violation of all law by destroying in each man who utters it appreciation of his people's character and conduct; it shuts from his own conscience the sense of his own responsibility, and debars him, if self-consistent, from reflections the most elevating as well as the most solemn, the most necessary as well as the most attractive.

The essay from which the above extract has been selected first appeared in 1844. To the following passage from another essay in this series, originally published at the same period, we direct our readers' attention, not alone for the sentiments and truths it contains, but also for the beauty of the composition. The author discusses that phrase of Cicero, in which the Roman advocates an ignominious peace in preference to a just war. "*Iniquissimam pacem justissimo bello antefero.*"

Cicero lived in the crepuscul of freedom, in the twilight of Rome; his glory comes as that of a planet, not from the excess of its light, but from the darkness through which it lightens. The bright surface of his powerful mind caught the images of surrounding things, as a cloud hanging on the horizon, gilded on one side by the last rays of the descending sun, and shaded on the other by the gloom of advancing night: so have his pages reflected downwards through ages at once the light of departing freedom and the darkness where it had ceased to shine. Side by side, distinguished only by a slight inflection, are presented, to our admiration and contempt, thoughts that ennoble, fallacies that betray. The poison of such a sentence is so subtle that it is necessary to render the exposure complete. It must be shown that it is not for such thoughts that Cicero is *Cicero* to us,—that it is not in such doctrines that Rome is *Rome* to us; his conduct in his better days, his words in his nobler works, not only coincide not with the doctrine of this quotation, but are to it the most perfect antithesis that the mind can conceive. The great event of Cicero's life was the quelling of the conspiracy of Cataline; then he was ready to risk all—not his life only, but that of the community, to save its dignity and honour. In the words of Sallust, he

might be imagined saying "*Malo periculosam libertatem quam tutam servitutem.*" Cicero, in describing the Roman state, has laid down as an incontrovertible law of its existence, that "the republic could not be governed save by the highest justice." To which nothing can be more opposed than an iniquitous peace. Such, as a citizen, was the conduct of Cicero—such, as a lawyer, his doctrines of the constitution of Rome. But Cicero was a philosopher—he was the follower of a school, which above all other things required the practising and the enforcing of justice. It made all virtue in men depend thereon, and indeed placed the character of man in the sense of justice. The Academicians held justice to reside in the mean, less or more than justice being equally unjust; they held injustice to consist not less in enduring than in committing it. It is not here understood that the man who endures evil which it is not in his power to resist is thereby rendered guilty. The weight of chains afflict a man but do not enslave him. There is no slavery but error; and the man is the slave of himself. The Academicians held the suffering of injustice to be baser than its perpetration. The latter case supposes some passion, that obscures and prostrates, for a time, the reason; in the former suffering and disgrace accompany the wrong to arouse the faculties and clear the sight. In the eyes of the masters of Cicero, as in the eyes of every man who has possessed character or deserved to have authority, an iniquitous peace was not better than a just war, but, on the contrary, *more base than an unjust one.* Peace is our ordinary existence; but an iniquitous peace is an iniquitous condition—it is the abandonment of all that just wars protect or unjust wars assail. It is the prostration of the innocent—it is the triumph of the wicked; of the first without a struggle, of the second without an impediment. If peace be vitiated, what can there be further to preserve—what further to vitiate? It is iniquitous peace that brings unjust wars, and that causes them to triumph. Why was it ever said, "He is trebly armed whose cause is just?" To teach that iniquitous peace is endurable or desirable—to invest in epigrammatic form, and to present in authoritative garb, the atrocious dogma—is to spread over the world, and through all times, the poison that killed Roman freedom. The fall of Rome and the desolation of the world are explained by this very sentence; the simple uprightness of the heart suffices to teach that the people amongst whom it could be uttered must perish. If we would think of Romans as they ought to be thought of, and so that the thought of them should be useful to ourselves, let it be in those majestic words:

Fiat justitia ruat cælum.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Travels and Adventures in the Province of Assam during a Residence of Fourteen Years. By MAJOR JOHN BUTLER. London: Smith, Elder, and Son.

Cosas de Espana, or Going to Madrid via Barcelona. New York: Redfield.

Pictures from the Battle Fields. By "The Roving Englishman." London: Routledge and Co.

UNTIL the CRITIC is published weekly, which we hope will be a consummation not long delayed now that it has established for itself a position as one of the regular organs of public intelligence, we are compelled, for lack of space, to group together in one notice books of travel having very diverse subjects, often going across the world at one stride, and dragging the thoughts of our readers after us through regions far or near, strange or familiar, with very little ceremony, and without even an attempt to observe a plan. So now it is our duty to bring under their notice three volumes—one of which tells us about an important province in our Eastern Empire; the second about our neighbour Spain; the third about the grand drama enacting at the Crimea. A few words of introduction explanatory of the origin or object of each will suffice to make the extracts intelligible, by which books of this class are better recommended than by any quantity of description or criticism.

Major Butler lived fourteen years in Assam. Some time since he published a volume descriptive of that country and its inhabitants. The present work is a continuation of it, and is designed to picture to his countrymen the remaining wild tribes of the hills. He introduces also some of his travels and adventures, which exhibit the manner of life of an officer in the civil employ in Assam. Statistical details of the revenue, population, &c., conclude the volume, which is a permanent because authentic contribution to the now extensive library in which the history of our Eastern Empire is contained. It should be added that the volume contains many lithographs of

objects of interest in antiquities, architecture, and landscape.

At the very beginning we find this account of AN EXTRAORDINARY SHOT.

In the afternoon, Lieutenant Campbell, seeing innumerable tracks of wild animals, deer, elephants, buffaloes, and rhinoceroses, mounted his elephant for a little sport; he had scarcely left the camp, when he suddenly came upon two rhinoceroses, in the midst of miry reed jungle twenty feet high. With great dexterity he instantly fired two shots at the animal nearest him, and, by a happy accident, the ball not only passed through the head of the animal aimed at, but lodged in the head of another rhinoceros standing close by it; when, to his surprise, both animals fell dead on the spot. One rhinoceros having fallen on the legs of the other, Lieutenant Campbell was firmly convinced that his first shot missed and the second ball proved fatal to both animals; it seems almost incredible, but there is no reason to doubt the fact.

The Major paid a visit to the Court of the Chieftain of Magah, one of the hill tribes, and the ceremony of reception was primitive and picturesque.

A VISIT TO A CHIEF.

In the afternoon, the chief came down to our camp with all the unmarried girls of the village, whom we had seen in the morning. They were all neatly dressed, and walked in file two deep, holding each other by the hand, and wheeled into line as regularly as a regiment on parade. All the young men of the village followed in the rear, singing and clapping their hands. At first we could not imagine what was the meaning of the procession, until we were told that they were going to honour our visit with a grand dance. Line having been formed, and the camp assembled, two damsels stepped out in front of the party, and danced with a peculiar kind of hop-step on one leg alternately, different from anything I have ever seen, in excellent time, to a song and clapping of hands by the young men. When these damsels were fatigued, two others in succession modestly stepped out and kept up the dance, and when it was over, we gave each young lady a silver four anna piece, when they wheeled into line, and, in ecstasies with their presents of scissors, needles, and beads, marched home with all the youths in regular order, singing as they went along. In stature the Nagah women are short and athletic, with flat noses, small sharp eyes, the upper front teeth projecting a little, and the hair cut short whilst single; but, when married, the hair is allowed to grow long. They are coarse and plain, which is not to be wondered at, as they perform all manner of drudgery in the field, supply the house with water and fuel, and make whatever clothing is required by the family.

The English *battue* sportsman will envy the

FIELD SPORTS OF ASSAM.

In one day's sport it is no uncommon event for three or four sportsmen to shoot thirty buffaloes, twenty deer, and a dozen hogs, besides one or two tigers. At times, a tiger, being surrounded by a field of elephants in a small patch of high grass, shows great sport; for as often as he is beaten up by the elephants, he turns round and with a tremendous roar rushes across the plain towards the nearest one, and jumps upon its head or stern; the elephant then becomes dreadfully alarmed, and screeches out in the most terrific manner, shaking its body with all its power, to free itself from the claws of the enraged monster clinging to it. In this predicament the sportsman is helpless; as from the violent motion of the elephant, all he can do is to hold fast to the howdah, for if thrown out, he would be torn to pieces; but a skilful sportsman, on perceiving the tiger's approach towards his elephant, will generally stop the rapid charge of the tiger by one or two well-directed shots, which will either prove fatal, or so cripple the beast as to render his efforts to charge futile. Few elephants can be brought to stand repeated charges of a tiger; if the sportsman fail to shoot the tiger in the first charge, the elephant instinctively seems to lose confidence, and no exertions on the part of the mahout can induce the elephant again to encounter the danger of a second charge, by advancing to beat up the tiger concealed in the grass: a tiger's charge is always desperately fierce, and seldom met without making its pursuers feel the power of its fangs and claws, and causing sometimes fatal accidents. Not less exciting is the rhinoceros hunt. This animal is found in the highest and most dense reed jungle, generally near a river, or Bheel lake, in a very miry place. The squeaking grunt of this beast is peculiarly sharp and fierce, and the elephants become so alarmed that few wait its approach in the shape of a charge, but mostly quit the field with the utmost speed, scarcely giving the sportsman time to have a shot. If the rhinoceros succeeds in overtaking the elephant, it inflicts terrible wounds on the haunches of the latter with its mouth, and with the horn on its nose endeavours to rip up the belly of the elephant. Of all the animals of the forest, the rhinoceros is most feared, from its destructive powers; and, as it possesses an enormously thick skin, it requires a good gun or rifle to bring it down. Nevertheless, we have known several rhinoceroses killed with one ball, hit in a

vital part; otherwise, as with the buffalo, ten or fifteen balls may be fired without effect. The rhinoceros is found in every part of Assam. The most pleasant sport in Assam is deer shooting: all kinds are found in great numbers, and in open plains many may be killed in a day. Black partridges, and the common gray partridge, are plentiful, and a few quail and hares may be found; but they cannot be pursued on foot, as they lie in the densest and most impenetrable jungles. An elephant is indispensable, and but few sportsmen are steady enough in a howdah to bag many head of game in a day.

The *Cosas de Espana* is reprinted from *Putnam's Monthly Magazine* (American). It is a smart description of a journey to and through Spain, and of the sights seen in the course of it. The author, whoever he may be, is manifestly an insufferable coxcomb, as witness this account of

HOW THEY LOOKED AT ME.

Sitting on my three seats, that is to say, sitting on the middle one, and with arms akimbo occupying the two others, I took to myself whatever of the public admiration it suited me to appropriate. Of course I gave little heed to the shouts of the small boys, nor any special attention to any of the specimens of masculine wonder which followed our *cortège*, even to the town's gates. But when any particularly pretty maid's face was turned up in admiration, I did not fail to note it. I did not fail to observe that it was directed not so much to the coach as to the *coupé*. On the instant I was ready to answer it. I was down upon the sweet eyes with my glass—glass in one hand and the tip of my moustache in the other. A balance of admiration was duly struck ere our eyes parted. Bless my soul! How many pretty grissettes there are in the town of Lyons. How white, and neat, and kiss-me-if-you-will, their caps are. Only it requires some art to draw these pretty creatures out; and, from my experience, I believe there is nothing like a new coach-and-six to do it. A man might visit Lyons a hundred times, and yet, unless he should bethink him of coming out in a new *Berline Parisienne* to hunt up the beauty of the town, he might never get half an idea of what I saw that morning.

And in this strain the book is written. So conceited is our traveller that he is ever supposing himself the object of universal attention. He cannot even travel in a diligence from Lyons to Geneva, and occasionally thrust his head out at the window, but, in his monomania, he imagines

HOW THEY TALKED OF ME.

The prevailing tone of remark, as with cracking whip and braying trumpet, we dashed through the towns, I cannot be expected to have myself heard; but, if I am any interpreter of physiognomy, it must have been as follows:—"There goes a Milord Anglais!" says one. "That man has ten thousand a year!" says another. "He's a big *g*—d—d—n, travelling in advance of the crowd!" echoes a third. "Certainement. He has engaged beforehand all the best rooms in all the great hotels in Switzerland!" "Parbleu. He occupies the three seats of the *coupé*, and will want three beds to sleep in!" "He's one of the *drôles*—one of the *bizarres*—and is bound for the top of Mont Blanc in winter!" "He takes the precaution of a seasonable start, so as not to incur the risk of making a new acquaintance on his travels!" The furious driving gave me no opportunity to correct the errors into which these good people fell so readily. Otherwise I would gladly have explained to them, as I passed, that I was indeed no lion, but simply Nick Bottom, the weaver, going to Geneva.

Bottom, indeed! And with the ass's head on, and in that plight we leave him, and pass to the *Pictures of the Battle Fields*, brilliant sketches brought home by "the Roving Englishman," whose book is in striking contrast with the vulgarity and affectations of the American tourist. Mr. Murray describes what he saw, and few can describe so well. It is only to be regretted that he should mix up with it so much of personal feeling as is shown in his remarks on the diplomatic service. The fault found with that may be true; but it would come with a better grace from a stranger, than from one who had belonged to it, quarrelled with it, and quitted it. As this volume will be in everybody's hands, much extract is needless, especially as its contents have been already introduced to the public in the pages of *Household Words*. The following is a good specimen of the author's brilliant style:—

THE ZOUAVE.

Respecting the rights of property, a Zouave's ideas are not quite correct: he would steal anything to eat or drink, in an impudent, dashing sort of way, without the smallest compunction; but then he would walk twenty miles through a bog in a snow-storm to return it, if he found out afterwards that he had stolen it from anybody entitled to his peculiar sympathy, or if his feelings became subsequently interested about them—or, perhaps, even for a whim. He likes brigandage more from the danger and bravado of it, than

from any substantial advantages which he may hope to reap; for if you meet him with his hands full of no matter what, that he may just have become possessed of at the most dreadful risk, his first object and anxiety appears to be how he shall get rid of his burden, to set out again immediately in chase of something else. If any one has ever shown him the smallest kindness, he will pay it with the most surprising magnificence. For a pipe of tobacco supplied to him at some forgotten time of need, or for a drop out of a brandy-flask, he would return a casket of jewels snatched from a general conflagration in a town given over to plunder. When he has conferred a benefit on anybody, he is apt to disappear with great agility, or even perhaps to do or say something offensive, in his anxiety to avoid thanks; and he would never thieve with such determined perseverance as when foraging for a sick Englishman: "Car ces Jean Boule, voyez vous, ça ne sait rien! ça ne sait pas s'arranger comme nous autres; ça ne sont que des zenzans, puis ça nous zaiment! cré nom de chien comme ça nous zaiment!" I think I see one of the rowdy, kind-hearted little fellows now. He is the guide, philosopher, and friend of a towering guardsman—for your Zouave is aristocratic in his ideas and predilections, so that he will seldom be seen to consort with the common troops of the line. Both Guardsman and Zouave are proud of their intimacy, and take every possible means to display it, though their conversation is utterly incomprehensible to themselves or anybody else: it consists in eccentric but fruitless sallies into the English language, on the one side, and into the French on the other, each friend obligingly translating into his native tongue what he supposes the meaning of the other friend may be, the first speaker confirming the translation with the promptest and most social approval. Our little friend looks up at his gigantic companion with an air of admiring solicitude and protection that completely beggars description. His baggy red breeches come down so low, from want of braces, as almost to draw his legs; his blue jacket flies open in well studied disarray; and his immense turban is cocked so much on one side, that it is a wonder how he keeps it on. He wags his hips martially, as he struts along with his little nose in the air, and his little white gaiters on his little feet, a yard apart from each other. He has no consciousness of being ridiculous, and he believes, with all his stout little heart, that the eyes of the world are fixed on him and his acquaintance—as, indeed, they are.

FICTION.

THE NEW NOVELS.

Eustace Conyers: a Novel. By JAMES HANNAY, Author of "Singleton Fontenoy." In 3 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett.

Love versus Law; or, Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister: a Novel. By JOSEPH MIDDLETON, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. In 3 vols. London: Newby.

Married Women: a Novel. By the Author of "Broomhill." In 3 vols. London: Newby.

We look upon Mr. Hannay as one of the most promising, as he is certainly one of the rising, literary men of the time. He has not, like some of his contemporaries, won popularity at a stride; he did not, like Byron, wake one morning and find himself famous; he has made his way from obscurity to a very respectable reputation by slow but steadily advancing steps, each one being an assured progress, marked by that which is the surest test of capacity, improvement. One attempt, indeed, was made to produce "a sensation;" but we suspect it was rather the prompting of injudicious friends than Mr. Hannay's genuine impulse; but it failed in its primary object, although it established him in critical judgments as a man who had a great deal of good stuff in him which it needed only time and patience to develop. He had the sense to discern and keep to the true path to a sterling fame; and he is reaping his reward. He is taking a position which, in the end, will be more advantageous than any passing applause that he might have won from a success upon the platform. An author with a reputation already secured might venture to turn lecturer without detracting from his good fame; but the author who begins as a professional lecturer is not unlikely to be looked upon as nothing more, long after he has asserted higher claims by an able book.

Most of our readers who indulge in the reading of a novel occasionally will doubtless remember "Singleton Fontenoy." It was published without a name; and, as it was our lot to review it for the *Critic*, ignorant of its authorship, we attributed it to a clever American, as indeed the rumour was. But we bestowed upon it the praise which it deserved, and that judgment was afterwards confirmed by the verdict of public opinion, so that the only injustice done was depriving the

true author of the honour that was his due. We are glad that such a mistake cannot again occur. Mr. Hannay has boldly prefixed his name upon the title-page, as he ought to do, and as all authors should do after their first appearance. It is quite time that the absurd practice of anonymous books, where there is nothing to be ashamed of, should be abolished; and we thank Mr. Hannay for the good example he has set by putting his name to the very clever work that lies upon the table.

Eustace Conyers is partially a nautical novel. The hero's early life is spent at sea; and although life aboard has been so often described, Mr. Hannay contrives to throw into his picture of it a great deal of freshness and originality. The reason is, that he draws from the life, and not from any other drawing; and there is in nature no such thing as uniformity, the proverbial likeness of two peas being no exception. No one person is like any other person that has ever existed or ever will exist. His individuality is distinct enough, if we only look at him closely enough. The true novelist does this, traces the special features of the individual, and presents them to us; whilst your mere novel-maker seizes only the general and not the particular traits. *Eustace Conyers* is remarkable for its portraiture of character; that is certainly the direction of the author's genius. They are not merely clever sketches, but highly-finished drawings, elaborated with singular care. As is usual with English novels, the story is of secondary interest. The object of it is to contrast two characters, both to be found in English society at this time—both probably abounding at all times, only taking different forms of development according to the circumstances into which they are thrown. *Eustace Conyers*, the hero, is a sailor, with a sailor's virtues and weaknesses—brave, enduring, honest, plain-speaking, recognising the paramount claim of duty over self-indulgence and self-seeking, scorning whatever is mean, and going through life loved and respected, but happiest of all in the possession of self-respect; not attaining high objects of ambition, but with enough of success to satisfy his moderate desires. Contrasted with him is Henry Mildew, essentially a man of the age—keen, clever, bustling, not very scrupulous, with the one ever-present resolve “to get on,” and, of course, attaining his object, as any man may who devotes himself to anything heart and soul; but, though successful, neither so honoured by others, nor so happy in himself as *Eustace*. While *Eustace* pursues his career in the navy, *Mildew* pushes himself on through the portal of the law into politics; and this affords to Mr. Hannay the opportunity—in which he indulges somewhat too much for the proprieties of fiction—for throwing out his own political views, and for discharging many a sly shot at parties and persons and principles engaged in the political conflicts of the present day. But, clever as these are, we feel them to be out of place in a fiction, and protest against this abuse of the licence accorded to the novelist. We have enough of party politics in the newspapers; we fly to fiction to escape from them, and it is vexatious to be pursued by them even there. One of the most perfect and most charming portraits in this work is Mr. Conyers, an enthusiast in antiquities, whose foible makes us only love him the more.

As for the writing, it is uncommonly good. There is a great deal of smartness in the dialogues, a spirit of wholesome humour runs through many parts, and nowhere is there tediousness, for the descriptions never degenerate into catalogues and the dialogues never drag. As a composition, *Eustace Conyers* is certainly the cleverest novel the season has produced, and Mr. Hannay's best and most matured work.

The title of *Love versus Law* is a taking one. The question of marriage with a deceased wife's sister is agitating great numbers, and it supplies a good theme for a fiction. But we cannot say that justice is done to it by Mr. Middleton. His design is shown on the title-page—it is to exhibit the injustice of the law which prohibits the marriage of a deceased wife's sister. We fully agree with Mr. Middleton that such a law is wholly unjustifiable, because it is entirely a matter for the private judgment, and not for legislation; and there is no argument for the interference of the law for this object which would not equally claim a law prohibiting a man from marrying a governess, a servant, or any other woman who had ever lived in his house. But we have now to deal with Mr. Middleton as a novelist, and not as a jurist, and we must say that his argument is better than his story. His main defect is in

the power to individualise character. All his personages are shadowy; they are beings not of flesh and blood, but abstractions. In other respects he possesses some important qualifications for novel-writing. He is very lively; he describes graphically; he can work up a pathetic scene with more than common power. But he wants practice; he has not yet mastered the art of composition. It is too much like amateur-writing, of which the usual defect is wordiness. We say to him, as we are obliged to say to almost all non-professional authors, “more matter with less art.”

Married Women has the merit of uncommon liveliness. The author possesses a turn for the facetious, which exhibits itself continually and often unconsciously even at times when it is not quite in place. He writes with singular ease, little regardful of rules; throwing off his thoughts as they arise, and taking no pains to correct after he has written. But the result is not unpleasing. *Married Women* is better than many other novels of far loftier pretensions. It will pleasantly occupy the time in a summer lounge under the shade of the chestnuts or upon the beach during those tedious days when people go to enjoy the sea and try to make themselves believe that they are pleasuring. At no time do they more need an occupation, and then they will find *Married Women* an agreeable pastime.

“*Cayendish*” was a clever nautical novel, known, probably, to most of our readers. The author has now contributed to “*Routledge's Original Series*” another in like strain and of equal merit, called *The Pride of the Mess*. The scene is laid amid the Crimean war, of which it presents many spirited pictures.

Jonas Clint and *The Sisters* are two short tales, the special purpose of which we do not understand. They contain some clever writing, but they are scarcely worth printing.

To Love and be Loved is the affected title of an American novel reprinted in the “*Run and Read Library*.” It is smart—and that is all we can say of it.

The recent additions to the “*Parlour Library*,” the first and best of the series of cheap novels, are Mr. James's *Castle of Ehrenstein* and a tale, which made for itself a great reputation when it first appeared some three or four years ago, entitled *Margaret Maitland*. All who did not read it then should procure it now.

Catherine Sinclair's semi-religious novel of *Beatrice, or the Unknown Relatives*, attractive because it is a violent attack on Roman Catholicism, has been reprinted in the “*Run and Read Library*.” It is popular, of course, for it appeals to the worst instead of to the best qualities of our nature.

The Forger's Wife, by John Lang, is one of a series of tales appearing in small illustrated volumes at the office of Ward and Lock. It is an affecting story powerfully told.

For the first time the *Fairy Tales* of the Countess d'Aulnoy, which have been the delight of our neighbours for two centuries, are presented in an English dress by Mr. Planché. The reader will, however, recognise in many of them old acquaintances of whose authorship he was ignorant, but which, with slight modifications, have been told to the eager ears of his childhood and taken fast hold of his young imagination. All the more will he thank Messrs. Routledge for having presented him with a faithful rendering of the originals, in company with many others equally interesting—and, let us add, equally having a moral aim. The volume is profusely adorned with engravings, and we venture to prophesy that it will prove to be the most popular book with the young and imaginative which has appeared for many a day.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

Stories in Verse. By LEIGH HUNT. London: Routledge and Co.

OUR veteran author, who was about fifteen years old when his first volume of verses appeared, with its portrait of the dark-eyed, crop-headed little scholar of Christ's Hospital, and who is now seventy-one, with the same dark eyes, but locks of an altered hue, here presents us with the latest, and no doubt the final form of his *Story of Rimini*, in which he returns to the “first size and treatment,” from which, in Moxon's little half-crown edition of his poetical works, he had refashioned the poem into a narrative, which he thought nearer to the known historical facts.

But, to use his own words,

The refashionment of the poem was always an unwilling, and I now believe was a mistaken concession, to what I supposed to be the ascertained facts of the story and the better conveyance of the moral. I have since discovered that there are no ascertained facts which disallow my first conceptions of either; and it

is with as much pleasure as a modest sense of the pretensions of my performance will allow, that I restore those passages relating to the sorrows of the wife, and to the fatal conflict of the brothers, which have been honoured with the tears of some of the manliest as well as tenderest eyes.

The restorations are very welcome, that of the duel especially, which is described in the most touching passage, in our opinion, in the whole narrative. Here and there some new lines are added to the poem, full of that truthful picturesqueness for which Leigh Hunt is remarkable. For instance, in the description of the Bride:—

The white dress orange-mantled, or the curls
Bedding an airy coronet of pearls?

Of a Pine-tree:—

Much they admire that old delicious tree.
With its new leaves now burning goldenly—
A tree that seems as it should only grow
Where lonesome winds or solcan organs blow.

Of a Flower-bed:—

There was the pouting rose, both red and white,
The daisy heart's-ease, flush'd with purple light,
Blush-hiding strawberry, sunny-coloured box,
Hyacinth, handsome with his clustering locks,
The lady lily, looking gently down,
Pure lavender, to lay in bridal gown,
The daisy, lovely on both sides—in short,
All the sweet caps to which the bees resort.

The delicate picture, too, of the Garden Pavilion has been very much improved by a few masterly touches of alteration. On the whole, we heartily congratulate both the poet and his readers upon the version in which “*Rimini*” is now and hereafter to be perused. After the familiar “*Hero and Leander*,” and “*Panther*,” come four “*Ballads of Robin Hood*,” in which the simplicity of the old minstrels does not appear to us to be successfully emulated, though they include some pretty and some spirited lines, as witness the opening:—

It was the pleasant season yet,
When the stones at cottage doors
Dry quickly while the roads are wet,
After the silver showers.

And this one:

Robin Hood, with his cheek on fire,
Has drawn his bow so stern,
And a leaping deer, with one leap higher,
Lies motionless in the fern.

And following verses:

Says Robin to the poor who came
To ask of him relief,
You do but get your goods again
That were altered by the thief.
See here now is a plump new coin,
And here's a Lawyer's cloak,
And here's the horse the bishop rode,
When suddenly he woke.
Well, ploughman, there's a sheaf of yours
Turned to yellow gold;
And, miller, there's your last year's rent,
'Twill wrap thee from the cold.
And you there, Wat of Herefordshire,
Who such a way have come,
Get upon your land-tax, man,
And ride it merrily home.

Then we have recuscitated the story of “*The Gentle Armour*,” telling how a knight fought with and overcame three steel-clad antagonists, with no better protection than—a shift! To this succeeds the pleasant tale of “*The Palfrey*,” and, among other short pieces, the admirable little poem of “*Abou Ben Adhem*.” Mr. Corbould's design in illustration of this, we may here remark, is very dull and vulgar; and his other, from “*The Palfrey*,” though not inelegant, is wholly devoid of expression. Indeed, the influence of that monotonous demon, of whom we are hearing so much, named Routine, is very palpable amongst our book-artists, and especially in the works of those indefatigable “*illustrators*,” Harvey and Gilbert, whose men, women, foliage, dogs, and easy chairs are made to pattern by the score. Returning to our poetry, we next find “*The Trumpets of Dookarnein*,” and “*Abraham and the Fire-worshipper*,” both of which first appeared in the pages of “*Household Words*,” the fine and touching ballad of “*Kilspindie*,” and the short poem entitled “*Jaffar*,” founded upon one of those Oriental anecdotes wherein Leigh Hunt peculiarly delights. The two last-named were published, if we mistake not, in the “*New Monthly Magazine*,” some three or four years ago, but will be new to many; and even those who have met it before will, we think, be glad to see the following quoted:—

JAFFAR.

INSCRIBED TO THE MEMORY OF SHELLEY.
Shelley, take this to thy dear memory:—
To praise the generous, is to think of thee.

Jaffar, the Barmecide, the good Vizier,
The poor man's hope, the friend without a peer,
Jaffar was dead, slain by a doom unjust;
And guilty Haroun, sullen with mistrust

Of what the good and e'en the bad might say,
Ordain'd that no man living from that day
Should dare to speak his name on pain of death.—
All Araby and Persia held their breath.

All but the brave Mondeer.—He, proud to show
How far for love a grateful soul could go,
And facing death for very scorn and grief
(For his great heart wanted a great relief),
Stood forth in Bagdad, daily, in the square
Where once had stood a happy house; and there
Harangued the tremblers at the scymitar
On all they owed to the divine Jaffar.

"Bring me this man," the caliph cried. The man
Was brought—was gazed upon. The mutes began
To bind his arms. "Welcome, brave cords!" cried he;
"From bonds far worse Jaffar deliver'd me;
From wants, from shames, from loveless household fears;
Made a man's eyes friends with delicious tears;
Restored me—loved me—put me on a par
With his great self. How can I pay Jaffar?"

Hārūn, who felt that on a soul like this
The mightiest vengeance could but fall amiss,
Now deign'd to smile, as one great lord of fate
Might smile upon another half as great.
He said, "Let worth grow frenzied, if it will;
The caliph's judgment shall be master still.
Go; and since gifts thus move thee, take this gem,
The richest in the Tartar's diadem,
And hold the giver as thou dearest fit."

"Gifts!" cried the friend. He took; and holding it
High towards the heavens, as though to meet his star,
Exclaim'd, "This, too, I owe to thee, Jaffar!"

"The Bitter Gourd" is another short eastern story; and the ballad of "Wallace and Fawdon," another episode in Scottish history, not so successfully handled as "Kilspindie." Two narratives modernised from Chaucer, and several translations from Dante, Ariosto, &c., complete the volume, which, when we consider, along with its matter, its bulk, beauty of appearance, and low price, is one of the most agreeable evidences yet afforded of the existence and steady increase of a popular audience able to appreciate, or, at least, desirous to partake of the refinements of literature, and to whom poetry like that of Keats (who sadly adopted the word for a signature) is no longer *caviare*. Messrs. Routledge and Co., too, deserve no small share of praise for doing their part so well to bring modern English poetry of established merit into the pleasant accessibility of the railway stalls. Prefixed to the poems is one of Leigh Hunt's long, friendly, gossiping, confiding prefaces, full of hearty praises of hearty old Chaucer, and including a remark, not unimportant, on the close relationship between music and poetry, and on the neglect of the study of versification, as an art, by most modern poets; but the subject is merely touched on; nor is this the place for that more extended investigation which in our opinion it deserves. We commend this book to all young lovers of poetry,—both the young in years and the young in heart and imagination; the author of it being himself one who has never grown old in spirit or tired of the manifold beauty of the world.

The Sanctuary: a Companion in Verse to the English Prayer Book, by the Rev. ROBERT MONTGOMERY, is of a class which is undoubtedly popular, but to which the critical judgment cannot give its approval. The conversion into rhyme of the simple and grand ideas and language of the Bible or the Prayer-book ever has proved a failure, and ever will do so, because it cannot be improved by the translation, and it can scarcely be changed in shape without being marred. It is no discredit to Mr. Montgomery not to have accomplished what so many of his predecessors have tried and failed to do. If any poet could perform the task, he could, for he enjoys a facility of thought and a command of language possessed by few. The poems in this little volume are pleasing in themselves, but they will not bear comparison with the sacred books they are designed to accompany. Apart from their association, they would be more applauded than when thus, as it were, placed side by side with grander compositions. How well the poet can discourse when he casts himself upon his genius, and throws off her self-imposed shackles, will be seen by the following passage in the Prayer for Rain.

Then, parch'd and pining, droop all fruits and trees,
The meadows burn beneath a blasting glare,
While Nature sickens for the absent breeze,
And Life seems gasping in the pulseless air:
Creation dons the livid of death,
And dying Languor draws its heated breath.

Lord of the atmosphere; in mercy look
Down on our Land, if thus chastised it be,
And once again bid every flowing brook,
In liquid wailes to resound of Thee:
While balm and beauty, as thy People pray,
With answering freshness field and grove array.

And, bounteous Heaven! beneath Thy fruitful Word
Let barren souls be soften'd, and subdued,
Till each dead feeling, by devotion stirr'd,
Bound with new throbs of holy gratitude,—
Learning that wisdom heaven-taught spirits gain,
When God is revered in the gift of rain.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Table Traits, with Something on them. By DR. DORAN. 8vo. London ("Bentley's Parlour Bookcase"), Bentley.

ALL that M. Soyer professed in his costly and ostentatious Pantropheon, Dr. Doran has accomplished in the cheap, compendious, and unpretending work which he entitles *Table Traits*, and which we cordially commend to all those preparing at this season to refresh themselves by the sea-side. There are no pictorial illustrations in *Table Traits*, which constituted the best portion of the "Pantropheon;" neither is there any long-drawn array of "authors consulted;" but there is lively pen-painting, and the results of much painstaking and recondite research presented without pomp or affectation. We have called *Table Traits* a book for the sea-side; and so it is, for it is replete with capital stories; but it will instruct as well as amuse. In his first chapter on Water—whose praises Dr. Doran sings without either Pindar or Priessnitz's exaggerations—he tells of Charrnis, a Greek physician practising at Rome in the days of Augustus, whose consulting fee for directing patients how to take their cold baths in winter was 600*l.* Is not this enough to make both German and English water-doctors hide their diminished heads or die of envy? Most of our readers will remember Adam Smith's comparison between the value of use and the value of exchange, as illustrated by water and the diamond. A diamond is a valuable and coveted thing on Cornhill; but a cup filled with cold water would be preferred in the desert to one filled with diamonds. But the dearth of water at Jerusalem may not be so generally known. "Bishop Gobat, of Jerusalem," says Dr. Doran, "in his last Annual Letter states that he is building a school which will cost him about 600*l.*; the school is not yet finished, but the water used for mixing the mortar has already cost the enormous sum of 60*l.*"

The late Vice-Chancellor Shadwell's fondness for rowing and swimming is well known, but Dr. Doran tells an extraordinary story of "a party on one occasion in urgent need of an injunction, after looking for Sir Lancelot in a hundred places where he was not to be found, at length taking boat and encountering him as he was swimming in the river. There he is said to have heard the case, listening to the details as the astonished applicants made them, and now and then performing a frolicsome 'summersault' when they paused for want of breath. The injunction was granted, it is said; after which the applicants left the judge to continue his favourite aquatic sport by himself." We have heard many anecdotes of Sir Lancelot Shadwell's athletic exploits, and many a time have we seen him with "shining morning face," rowing himself from Barnes Elms to Westminster; but Dr. Doran's anecdote caps all—he must vouch for its authenticity, we abjure all responsibility. The worthy Doctor subjoins to his anecdote of a swimming judge one of a swimming divine, the late Archdeacon Singleton, who, according to Dr. Doran, when residing at Sion House as family tutor to the Duke of Northumberland, "was accustomed to float away miles from Sion, depending upon the tide to float him back again. At first many a boatman looked inquiringly at the motionless body carrying on with the stream; but when he was better known, his appearance thus excited no more surprise than if he had been in an outrigger calmly taking a pull before dinner."

With these *facetiae* Dr. Doran gives his readers much statistical information, *e. g.*, on the water supply of London in olden and modern times, and throws out useful medical hints. With his concluding remark, both physically and morally, we cordially concur: "he does well," observes Dr. Doran, "who commences the day with water and prayer."

Dr. Doran commences his *Table Traits ab ovo*, with the eggs of the breakfast table, and proceeds through all the ordinary constituents of that meal in England, glancing at foreign breakfasts in both ancient and modern times. In truth, national peculiarities are often discernible in the selection of a man's breakfast, and we have frequently amused ourselves in continental *cafés* by observing the breakfasts served up, and speculating upon the country to which the several guests belonged. If we have seen a man with slices of *sauccisson*, either of Bologna, Brunswick, or Lyons, before him, with a large glass of beer, we have set him down as a German; a dish of oysters, with white wine, has revealed the French-

man; strawberries and cream, or bread and grapes, the Italian; but when we have seen a stout gentleman demand tea, a roll, and butter, we have unhesitatingly hailed a compatriot. The mention of an ancient Greek soldier's breakfast at daydawn, of bread soaked in wine, affords Dr. Doran an opportunity of suggesting that this tipsy-cake must have been in the mind of the author of Ecclesiastes, when he pronounces a woe upon those who eat in a morning. We have, however, encountered old gentlemen in both the west and north of England, who have surpassed the Greek soldier with his bread-crust soaked in thin wine, and generously dieted themselves in a morning on brandy-sop. The instances we can cite of this stupendous breakfast we admit to be few; but we will subjoin as a warning that all the young men who presumed to copy the pernicious example speedily found "death in the pot."

Throughout his *Table Traits* Dr. Doran pursues the easy plan, if plan it can be called, prevailing in pleasant unrestricted conversation, when the mention of one subject suggests another, which is taken up and hunted until a fresh one is started, to be in its turn pursued until a fresher object diverts attention. Thus the mention of coffee suggests a sketch of the rise and progress of coffee-houses in London and of *cafés* in Paris; and a very amusing sketch it is. For one observation arising from a contemplation of the *habitués* of *cafés*, and of a more grave tone than is usually assumed by Dr. Doran, we must make room, and commend it to the special attention of the licensing justices for Middlesex and Westminster, who are so tolerant of drinking and so indignant at cards or fiddling:

There is one feature in the French *cafés* which strikes an observer as he first contemplates it. I allude to the intensity, gravity, and extent of the domino-playing. A quartet party will spend half the evening at this mystery, with nothing to enliven it but the gentlest of conversation, and the lightest of beer, or a simple *petit verre*. The Government wisely thinks that a grave domino-player can be given to neither immorality nor conspiracies. But a British Government proudly scorns to tolerate such insipidities in Britons. British tradesmen, at the end of the day, may be perfectly idle, spout blasphemy, and get as drunk as they please, in any London tavern, provided they do not therewith break the peace; but, let the reprobates only remain obstinately sober, and play at dominoes, then they offend the immaculate justice of justices, and landlords and players are liable to be fined. So, on Sabbath nights, the working classes have thrown open to their edification the gin-palaces, which invite not in vain; but, if one of these same classes should, on the same Sunday evening, knock at the religiously-closed door of a so-called free library, the secretary's maid who answers the appeal would be pale with horror at the atrocity of the applicant. And what is the bewildered Briton to do? He looks in at church, where, if there be a few free seats, they have a look about them so as to make him understand that he is in his fustian, and that he and the miserable sinners in their fine cloth are not on an equality in the house of God; and so he turns sighingly away, and goes where the law allows him—to the house of gin.

We have next some amusing chapters on that class, whose members witness to their own excellency not after the fashion spoken of by Shakspeare, namely, by putting a strange face on their own perfection—we mean, of course, the cooks, of whose exaggerated absurdities Dr. Doran has collected a curious medley from ancient Greece, mediæval France, and modern England. Those who have regarded M. Soyer as a gigantic boaster will find that he is but a modest copyist of many a Greek *chef de cuisine*; while his solemn pretensions to erudition were surpassed by his countryman Carême, who was obliged to dictate his recipes though he published elaborate volumes, his daughter acting as his secretary and something more. "A modest cook," says Posidippus, "must be looked on as a contradiction in nature. If he be hired out to cook a dinner in another man's house, he will only get considered in proportion to his impudence and overbearing conduct. If he be quiet and modest, he will be held as a pitiful cook." We suspect in this vulgar world that this advice need not be confined to the disciples of the spit and the stewpan. We have alluded to Carême as a literary coxcomb surpassing M. Soyer. Dr. Doran records the origin of his name, at first view so inappropriate to a cook. Leo X. was once charmed with a succulent and savoury dish in Lent, yet innocent of gravy. The delighted Pontiff summoned his cook, and instantly knighted him as Jean de Carême. From this Carême the First descended

the still more illustrious Carême the Second, Napoleon's Carême—in whose magnificent eyes the economy of Carlton House in the days of the Prince Regent was beggarly parsimony—for whose services emperors and kings and princes and princesses contended. But we leave the task of depicting the illustrious man to Dr. Doran.

Carême was alternately the glory of Talleyrand, the boast of Lavalette, and the pride of the Saxon Ambassador. In their houses, too, his hand was as often on his pen as on the handle of his *casserole*; and inspiration never visited his brain without the call being duly registered in his notebook, with reflections thereon highly philosophic and gastronomic. But Carême was capricious. It was not that he was unfaithful, but he was *colage*; and he passed from kitchen to kitchen as the bee wings from flower to flower. The Emperor Alexander dined with Talleyrand, and forthwith he seduced Carême; the seduction-money was only 100*l.* sterling per month, and the culinary expenses. Carême did not yield without much coyness. He urged his love for study! his desire to refine the race of which he made himself the model; his love for his country; and he even accompanied, for a brief moment, "Lord Stewart" to Vienna. But it was more in the way of policy than pastry; for Count Orloff was sent after him on a mission; and Carême, after flying, with the full intention of being followed, to London and Paris, yielded to the golden solicitation, and did the Emperor Alexander the honour of becoming the head of the imperial kitchen, in whatever palace his Majesty resided. But the delicate susceptibility of Carême was wounded by discovering that his book of expenses was subjected to supervision. He flung up his appointment in disgust, and after a short *séjour* in the pinched, miserable establishment of George IV., he repaired to Paris, entered the service of the Princess Bagration, and served the table of that capricious lady *en maître d'hôtel*. As the guests uttered extatic praises of the fare, the Princess would smile upon him as he stood before her, and exclaim, "He is the pearl of cooks!" Is it a matter of surprise that he was vain? Fancy being called a "pearl" by a princess! The Princess Bagration, however, ate herself into a permanent indigestion; and Carême transferred his services to the English Ambassador at the court of Vienna. There every morning, seated in his magnificent kitchen, Carême received the visit of "Milor Stewart," who seldom left him without presents and encouragements. Indeed, these rained upon the immortal artist. The Emperor Alexander had consented to have Carême's projects in culinary architecture dedicated to him, and, with notice of consent, sent him a diamond ring. When Prince Walkonski placed it on his finger the cook forgot his dignity and burst into tears. So did all the other cooks in the Austrian capital—out of sheer jealousy. After being the object of a species of semi-worship, and yielding to every new offer, yet affecting to despise them all, Carême ultimately tabernacled with Baron Rothschild at Paris; and the super-human excellency of his dinners, is it not written in the "Book without a Name" of Lady Morgan? And was not his residence there the object of envy, and cause of much melancholy and opportunity for much eulogy on the part of George IV.? Carême would have us believe so, and says that George IV. tempted him by offering triple salaries; but all in vain: for London was too *triste* an abiding place for a man whose whole soul, out of kitchen hours, was given to study. And so Carême remained with his Jewish patron until infirmity overtook his noble nature, and he retired to dictate his immortal works, like Milton [very, Dr. D.], to his accomplished daughter. *Les beaux restes* of Carême were eagerly sought after; but he would not heed what was no longer a temptation; for he was realising twenty thousand francs a year from the booksellers, besides the interest of the money he had saved. Think of it, shade of Milton! Eight hundred pounds sterling, yearly, for writing on kitchen stuff. Who would compose epics after that? But Carême's books were epics after their sort, and they are highly creditable to the scribe who wrote them from his notes. Finally even Anthony Carême died, like cooks of less degree; but he had been the imperial despot of European kitchens; had been be-ringed by monarchs and smiled on by princesses; he had received lords in his kitchen, and had encountered ladies who gave him a great deal for a very little knowledge in return; and, finally, as Fulke Greville had inscribed on his tomb that he had been the friend of Sir Philip Sidney, so the crowning joy of Carême's life might have been chiselled on his monument, indicating that he had been the friend of one whom he would have accounted a greater man than the knightly hero in question, namely Il Maestro Rossini. Carême's cup was thereat full; and he died perfectly convinced that paradise itself would be glad at his coming.

Want of space alone prevents us giving many more quotations from this amusing volume; but we may mention apropos to the season that the *cuisinière* of the Austrian Consul at Sinope, a young woman of thirty, who would venture across her master's garden to fetch some parsley for his soup during the rascally bombardment by the

Russians, was cut in two by a thirty-six pounder. Thenaming the Russians suggests a good story told by Dr. Doran, of the Imperial Kitchen speculations. The mother of the late Nicholas once looking into the domestic accounts, found a bottle of rum charged daily to the heir-apparent Alexander. Appalled at this disgusting habit of her youthful son, the Empress determined to sift the matter, and at last ascertained that on one occasion a tea-spoonful of rum was administered to Alexander for a toothache, and ever after a whole bottle was stereotyped for his Highness's daily use, or rather the use of the clerk of the kitchen. The Emperor Paul, when made acquainted with the delinquency, declared that he would for the future put himself out to board—a threat which he carried into execution by help of a gastro-nomic contractor, to the great comfort of himself and his family.

A wonderful change (says Jermann) ensued in the whole Winter Palace. The Emperor declared he had never dined so well before. The court, tempted by the more numerous courses, sat far longer at table. The maids of honour got fresh bloom upon their cheeks, and the chamberlains and equerries rounder faces; and most flourishing of all was the state of the household expenses, although these diminished by one half. In short, every one, save cook and butler, was content; and all this was the result of "a bottle of rum" from which the Emperor Alexander, when heir to the crown, had been ordered by the physician to take a spoonful for the toothache.

Finally, and briefly, we pronounce Dr. Doran's volume a capital one for the tourist's portmanteau; being full of statistical information illustrative of national manners in diverse ages and countries, as well as of culinary curiosities.

Olympus. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. 1855.

THE title of this book is evidently meant to stimulate attention; for the object and contents of the work have no more relation to Olympus than they have to Benlomond or Snowdon, or any other mountain, or indeed any other place on the earth's surface. It is true that the author was, as he informs us, at the foot of Olympus on the 25th of August last; but he might as well have been at the foot of Shooter's-hill, and thus have saved himself the trouble and the expense of so long a journey; for the foot of Olympus is simply a starting-point from which, by a clumsy and hackneyed device, the author conveys us into an aerial world, where we are made to listen to different personages prating and prosing in a fashion so like the dwellers on our poor dusty globe, that we do not know why we should travel so far for moonshine when the article can be had at so cheap a rate near our own doors. Unless a writer be gifted with great vigour of imagination and great wealth of phantasy, he should not tell us of the dreams he dreams and the visions he sees, but unfold in a straightforward manner whatever thoughts yearn in his brain for utterance. Now, unfortunately, the only proof of the poetical faculty which the traveller to Olympus on the 25th of August last gives us is his professed belief in apparitions. He treats us to all the commonplaces about ghosts, which are poor as wit, and still poorer as logic. We have no objection to ghosts, either as personal experiences or poetical recreations; but we do not want to be bothered and bored with reasonings regarding them. Left to ourselves, we should as soon form an acquaintance with a ghost as with the indubitable nobodies of flesh and blood whom we daily encounter. But we grow incredulous the moment you endeavour to preach to us credulity. Besides, we do not like, after you have promised to introduce us to ghosts, to be introduced to shades—things which have no life, and which never had any. Our traveller's ghosts are not ghosts, but shades. They straddle through the sky like exaggerated letters of the alphabet. They are not terrible, they are not wonderful, they are not mysterious—they are merely prosaic tenebunties. Their grand peculiarity is that, if we said to them, "Sit down gentlemen," they might reply, as was replied in a similar case, "We have not wherewithal."

Leaving this enormous artistic defect, obviously the result of radical incapacity in the author, we come to the matter of the book. Here we admit without hesitation considerable talent, though talent of that shallow and pretentious kind which is known by the name of cleverness. Specific design we do not very clearly trace. A certain amount of persiflage was to be poured out—a certain number of pithy and pungent words a

supercilious intellect was to be disburdened of—that is all. There are sneers at the Hallam order of critics which we are not disposed to repel, and opinions are enunciated on some of our literary gods with which we substantially agree. In truth, what is most manifest is, that the writer feels the strong need of bounding away from the beaten path, that his judgments in literature are shrewd and independent; but that, as a thinker and speaker on what is really deep, he only succeeds in being erratic, while his petulance and affected smartness are often exceedingly offensive. It may be well to put Fogeys down in literature down, as in moral, religious, and political affairs. The insurrection against Fogeys threatens to become general in England. But you cannot exterminate your stolid, stubborn old fogey by nothing but rude jests and brazen impertinences. A literature of slang may be as bad as a literature of Fogeys. A manly, a national, a living literature is what is demanded; but it is not the vulgar gestures and ribald phrases of Cockney knowings which can give us this. Thackeray is the main model of the young rebels, who, though he sketches with force what he sees, is yet supremely absurd when he attempts the profound and the epigrammatic. Our traveller to Olympus is a kind of serious Thackeray. He has read miscellaneously, has dipped into Montaigne, is familiar with Rochefoucauld, and he deems himself justified in discoursing to us of the universe. On what he thoroughly understands, on what with his perspicacious eye he has seen, we are sure he could write well. But he had better remain henceforth at the foot of Olympus; for if he climb higher he will lose his way among the mists, and be confused and stupified by the clouds; but he will never catch a glimpse of the radiant divinities—the everlasting sky—the infinite azure. The book is wearisome, painful, ghastly, and might be described as an unsavoury hash of Voltairean reminiscences. Its tone and temper are those of an age long gone by. Byron uttered the last word of the Voltaire Gospel, and we do not feel the urgent need, thirty years after Byron's death, of a third-rate Byron in prose. If the work, moreover, had been frankly sceptical, it would have been much more interesting. The author appears to have a kind of instinctive hankering for Pyrrhonism, and yet to be half ashamed of his creed, and half afraid of the consequences to which it would conduct. He coquettes with Faith, and then the moment after he slaps Faith fiercely in the face. He is angry with Society for being conventional, cowardly, corrupt; but still angrier at himself for his own feebleness of will. He discovers that this or that man is a hypocrite, and then you hear him howling over himself as a far more monstrous and detestable hypocrite. Hence his volume may be read as a curiosity—it neither delights nor instructs; but there are persons who like to see calves with five legs, and sheep with two heads, and here they have an article to their taste. For ourselves we have a most robust hatred of these dismal oddities. We are not inclined to take lodgings at the Museum belonging to the College of Surgeons, feed on the hideousnesses there, crunch up the reptiles as if they were delicious biscuits, drink up the alcohol in which the abominations are preserved, and, by way of joke, knock down all the world with the bones of the skeletons. As lepers in the East are compelled to live in a community of their own, so would we send all men who have a morbid appetite for the unnatural to herd together. Of course we cannot be suspected of any wish to conceal the sores, the woes, the wrongs of society; but he who gloats over the wounds of society with a species of dilettante relish is as odious to the true reformer, to the pitying, skilful physician, as he who inflicted the wounds. It cannot, also, be too often stated, that doubt is not at this hour one of society's diseases. Society is indifferent—rouse it from its apathy. It conforms to what it despises and disbelieves—teach it to be brave. It knows its duties, but it has not the will strenuously to fulfil them—invigorate its will. What Voltaire saw in France during the Regency and under Louis XV. is not what any honest eye could now see in England. It was well for Voltaire to lash the follies, to brand the iniquities, to unveil the maladies of his time, in the manner he did; no other language, no other weapons, could have been victoriously employed; any thing grander, more earnest, more prophetic, would have failed of its effect. And it is ridiculous and unjust to judge—as is so common—

Voltaire by the light of our present ideas and convictions. But, if he was as much the valiant and indispensable castigatator of his generation as Luther was the rousing voice for sterner and stronger years, it is yet not Voltaire, nor anyone kindred to the Voltaire brood, that the vices of the world now demand. The world is athirst for a richer poetical life, and it dimly feels the need of more resolute and courageous persistency. It is half a Hamlet and half a Pharisee. Do not hesitate to denounce the Pharisee; but do not fail to cure the Hamlet. But, for God's sake, spare us all this twaddle which would represent human nature as at once the crassest of idiots, the falsest of fiends, and the most malignant of apes. It has grown to be very like this in certain seasons of tragical degeneracy; for far from courts the human heart was still warm, and generous, and noble, and under many a lowly roof the most beautiful and heroic virtues still flourished. The most fatal atheism is that which cherishes contempt for mankind. There is a sense in which we may honour all men, and, unless we are capable of habitual elevation to that sense, poor must our career be, however gorgeous its material environments. We feel that what is holiest within us is as invulnerable by sarcasm as it is inaccessible to sophistry. What are our battlings for our ideal of the true and the divine, if they do not presuppose a spark of the Deity in each human breast? Let the prophet curse, if there must be cursing; but, even when the prophet's maledictions fulminate the most crushingly, is not the prophet's soul weeping for his country, is it not mourning for his race? The worst of our fellow-beings is always theoretically on the side of what is good. No villain was ever yet admired for his villany. Even on board a pirate ship it is not the most hardened ruffian that is chosen for captain. To obtain and to hold his position the captain must have qualities which every one would join in applauding, as well as his crew. You take the political hack, the religious hypocrite, the money-grub, the drunkard, the debauchee, and then you scoff at and spurn a certain figment which you are pleased to call Human Nature. It may be the human nature with which, from personal depravity and personal intercourse, you are best acquainted, and which you have found in Swift and your other favourite authors. But it is not the human nature which God has created, which history reveals, or which our own experience—even when we have been the most unfortunate of the unfortunate—brings before us. The world, rightly viewed, is one vast mass of unrecorded love. Who cannot recall many an act of kindness, many a burst of tenderness, in scenes and in circumstances where he least expected them? And are we to humour you because you are dyspeptic, or misanthropic, or satirical, and say that all is vanity and vexation of spirit? When Roman Emperors rioted in pollution, and when the fate of the Roman Empire hung on the caprice of the Praetorian cohorts, think not that the millions of mankind had sunk as low as the Emperors and their guards. What a shameful and sorrowful page in the annals of England was the reign of Charles the Second! But beyond the precincts of the court, away from the political atmosphere, was not England brave and honest England still, and were not its homes still pure, and sacred, and happy? We protest then, against this caricaturing of human nature, because thus, and not otherwise, do you consider that you can write a clever book. If a lie is essential to your efficient and brilliant displays as an author, we can dispense both with you and your performances. Besides, persiflage is completely French, and in an Englishman's hands or on an Englishman's lips it is a wretched imitation. Those are not our best authors who have imitated the French in anything; and those must be our worst who imitate them in that which is peculiarly and inalienably French. Granting, then, that our traveller to Olympus possessed ten times the talent which he anywhere manifests in this volume, we should be compelled to condemn him for a childish and awkward mimicry of that which is least congenial to the constitution and habits of the English mind. Even if the persiflage were unrivalled, no Englishman could be made to see and to feel its meaning. One chief cause of decline in the English theatre is its appropriation of what is foreign both in matter and in manner. Instead of picturing faithfully and vividly English life, it has offered us smart dialogues and striking situations translated from the French. If, therefore,

this writer wishes again to speak to the English public, let him address it in an English way and on English subjects. There is work enough for all of us, without going to ghosts, or to the moon, or to Olympus, for counsel. It is doubtful whether for many ages to come literature can accomplish anything in the direction of pure art. Till a thousand grand social questions are grandly settled, literature must be content with being simply a social power, a social regenerator. What it thus loses in perfection of form it gains in vitality. And we quarrel not with an author at present, if he violates the most venerated forms for which critics from Aristotle downward have ever battled, provided his pages flash and heave with life. But to be both formless and lifeless, like the writer before us, is a sorry condition for one making such extravagant pretensions. Go forth, wanderer on Olympus, dealer in moonshine, go forth on another journey. Go forth into these wastes of misery, listen to these shrieks of pain! Learn to be a man; learn to be a man of pitying breast and helping hand; and then what thou hast to utter will be worth our heed, will have somewhat of the glow, the colour, the pith, the opulence of image and of idea, which thou so woefully lackest now.

The flatness and monotony of this book are considerably relieved by the grammatical and typographical errors which crowd every paragraph. Perhaps on the 25th of August last the author was just long enough in the neighbourhood of the moon to forget the English grammar. But whether it be he or his printer to be held responsible for the countless blunders and barbarisms in spelling! The French make it a rule, when printing, never to spell an English word accurately; and this work looks as if it had been printed by Frenchmen. However, but for the amusement furnished by these grammatical and typographical monstrosities, we should certainly not have been able to get through the volume. We conclude then that the author, in spite of his lugubrious endeavours to be satirical, is in the main a good-natured fellow. ATTICUS.

Mr. Henry J. Bushby has published a little volume on *Widow Burning*, describing the success that has attended the endeavours of the Government to suppress that barbarous custom, whence the author argues that "the Hindoo mind is capable of advance even in the department where its immobility has been deemed most absolute—traditional faith."

The 3rd vol. of the *Works of the Right Hon. Edmund Burke*, in Bohn's series of the "British Classics," contains his "Political Miscellanies." Although many of these were produced upon occasions of passing party conflicts, there are few which do not contain passages of enduring wisdom and of universal application; and for the sake of these the whole will reward the labour of perusal.

Sharpe's Road Book of the Rail is an ingenious application of the old Road Book to the new manner of locomotion. The mileage is laid down to a uniform scale: the tabular portion is in reality a road-side map, whose descriptions run evenly with mileage, page for page, so that as we travel, as it were, down the centre of the page which represents the road, we see on each side a report of places, distances, and objects of interest. The idea is admirable, and it is very carefully carried out. We have not seen so useful a book for the traveller.

Mr. A. Pyser has compiled *A Popular Dictionary of War Implements and War Terms*, which will be found a very useful aid in the perusal of the letters and dispatches from the seats of war, in which many of the phrases used must be unintelligible to civilians.

The Rev. T. Drake, having in a lecture to a literary society uttered *A Few Thoughts on the Cosmos*, has been induced to publish them in a pamphlet, which will doubtless be bought eagerly by those who heard the discourse. It is necessarily a speculation, but an ingenious one.

PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

Blackwood's Magazine for June opens with a criticism on the works of the Rev. C. Kingsley, in which justice is done to his great descriptive power and brilliant imagination, while his extravagances of thought and language are rebuked with a severity not undeserved. *Zaidee* is continued—growing in interest with every chapter. The Story of the Campaign proceeds through more chapters. There is a sketch of Aland and the Baltic in 1854, just now of uncommon interest; and Spanish Intolerance and Insolvency are exposed in a spirited paper.

The *Eclectic Review* has more of its capital papers on Natural History, the subjects now being Seaside Books and British Fossils. Buckingham's Autobiography and the Life of Etty vary the more serious topics with amusing biographies.

The *Gentleman's Magazine* has a copious obituary, as usual. This magazine will form a valuable record for future historians. It is a capital compendium of all the intelligence of the month.

The *Art Journal* presents its readers with engravings of Uwins's Cupid and Psyche, and Armitage's Battle of Meane. In addition to these are many wood engravings from the works of Collins and others, illustrating articles on Design, on Irish Sculpture, and Art-Manufacture.

The *Land we Live In*, Part XIV., describes the environs of London. It abounds in woodcuts of the highest class. It is a complete handbook for visitors, guiding them to all that is worth seeing.

The first number of a new botanical journal, to be called *The Phytologist*, is now before us. It is to be devoted to the investigation of British Plants. It is unfair to judge any periodical by its first number, and doubtless this one will improve with experience.

The *Biographical Magazine*, No. 41, contains memoirs of various degrees of merit of Wm. Penn, Palissy, Edgar A. Poe, Mrs. Sherwood, and Grattan. This periodical is unique, and deserves larger support than it has yet found.

The Fifth Part of Mr. Hatton's *Water-Colour without a Master* treats of skies and clouds. It shows, by precept and example, how to paint sunny and sombre skies, sunsets, fine weather, lowering and stormy clouds, and sunset clouds. It is what it professes to be—a self-teacher.

The *Dublin University Magazine* for June treats its readers to an interesting essay on "The Arabs in Spain, their History, Literature, and Arts;" and essays on "Geology," and on "Ethnology, Religion, and Politics." The Nore is the Irish river described in this number; and in the way of biography is a memoir of Colonel Walter Butler.

The *Bouquet* is a periodical printed at the cost of the contributors—each pays for the space he occupies. Necessarily in this manner there must be given a great deal of trash mingled with some meritorious writing, and so we find it.

The *Ladies' Companion* has marvellously improved under its present management. Mrs. White has contrived to collect a powerful band of contributors; and these, with a portrait of Admiral Dundas, and a picture of the fashions, make it a very attractive periodical.

Chambers's Journal is as instructive as usual. There is variety, too. We can vouch for the accuracy of the description of "The Quantaocks," in a very clever article with that title.

The Seventh Part of *Harry Coverdale's Courtship*, by Frank Smedley, contains a clever sketch of the Exhibition-room and "High Art."

A SIGHT OF A GREAT MAN.—Goethe, like many other celebrated men, was somewhat annoyed by the visits of strangers. A student once called at his house and requested to see him. Goethe, contrary to his usual custom, consented to be seen; and, after the student had waited for some time in the ante-chamber, he appeared, and without speaking, took a chair, and seated himself in the middle of the room. The student, far from being embarrassed by this unexpected proceeding, took a lighted wax candle in his hand, and, walking round the poet, deliberately viewed him on all sides; then, setting down the candle, he drew out his purse, and taking from it a small piece of silver, put it on the table, and went away without speaking a word.

A BATTLE FIELD.—The grouping of falling men and horses; the many heaped up masses of dead moved strangely by the living maimed among them, showing the points where the deadly strife had been the most severe; the commingling of uniforms of friends and foes, as both lie scattered on the ground on which they fell; the groups surrounding this and that individual sufferer, hearing his last words, giving to him the last drops of water which will ever moisten his lips upon earth. The stretchers borne from various points, each carrying some officer or private soldier, who now has the startling feeling forced upon him—"it has come to this—and yet there may be hope of life;" his excited but overworn spirit, half fainting as it is, yet dreaming a mixed feverish dream of the charge in which he met his wound, and the thoughts of home that flashed upon the heart, as it seemed to commit that heart to a moment's oblivion of all else. Then comes the first dawn of the hope that life may be spared; the view of horrid objects passed, seen with a dimmed eye—hope of life growing stronger, but with it now the dread of some operation to be undergone—the sound of guns still heard, begetting a feverish impatient desire to know the result of the battle. Again, a partial waking up at the voice of the surgeon; he and his attendants seen as through a mist; the deafened feelings of utter weakness causing all to seem as though they spoke in whispers; the still further rousing of the mind as the cordial administered begins to take effect; the voice of a comrade or friend lying close by, himself wounded yet speaking to cheer; the operation borne bravely, and felt the less as it gives promise of a life just now seemingly lost to hope; through it all fresh news ever arriving from amidst the din of the strife still raging—all this has a life and motion and spirit in it which mocks the real grave horror of the scene.—*Rev. S. G. Osborne.*

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

THE CRITIC ABROAD.

MANY men, many minds, saith the old copy-book legend : otherwise we should have no diversities, no wholesome prejudices; we should all be in drab or in pepper-and-salt doublets. Since it is so, some prefer green, and others prefer red. Our German neighbours celebrate death-days, just as we celebrate birth-days. All Germany, we find, has been celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the great poet Schiller; and—many men, many minds, again—the celebration has been beautifully variegated. At Berlin, in the Theatre Royal, the *Camp of Wallenstein* was represented, preceded by a prologue written for the occasion, and illustrated with *tableaux vivants*, representing subjects drawn from Schiller's writings. The same prologue was repeated at Frankfort, where also was acted the beautiful drama, *Love and Intrigue*. At Munich, in the Theatre Royal, the *Song of the Bell* was recited, and afterwards, as at Berlin, the *Camp of Wallenstein* performed, which would be followed, in the course of the week by the representation of *Piccolomini* and the *Death of Wallenstein*. At Leipzig, the celebration took another feature. The Schillerian Society published a selection of the poems recited, speeches delivered, and toasts given, at their meetings during the last fifteen years. At Vienna was produced the *Maid of Orleans*, in a most magnificent manner. The produce of all these representations is intended either to erect a monument to Schiller at Weimar, or for charitable purposes. The fête at Dresden was, however, the most original and generous of all. In the morning there was a procession to Loschwitz, where Schiller resided, and where he composed his more beautiful dramas, in a little summer-house near the vine which belonged to his friend Körner. Here a commemorative inscription was placed and trees planted. But there was more than mere ceremony. Subscriptions were made towards endowing a *Schiller Institution*, having for its object the relief of the families of German poets reduced to poverty. A larger sum has been collected than was anticipated. We may further add, that the Prussian Government recently presented a Bill to the Chambers, intended to extend the copyright of Schiller's works for the benefit of his children.

It is not often that we have to report anything regarding literature in Spain, and now we have nothing of very great importance to announce; but as we have received, so we give. In Barcelona has appeared a small volume, by Dr. Manuel Milá y Fontanals—*Observaciones sobre la Poesía Popular*, &c. ("Observations upon Popular Poetry, with specimens of inedited Catalan Romances.") The book is not without interest to the student of language and the antiquary. Without troubling the reader with a disquisition on Spanish poetry in general, or the nature of that contained in the present volume in particular, we prefer rather to put him in possession of some of its contents in sober prose. And first, the romance of the Pilgrim :

They went to St. Jago, to St. Jago of Galicia, staff in hand and rosary round the waist. When they had gone a little way, little way from the town, they came to an inn, where lived a fair damsel. Said to the pilgrim this damsel so young : Give me a kiss, a kiss for thy welcome.—The law of God does not permit that, nor does St. Jago of Galicia.—She took a golden goblet and placed it in his wallet, and when dinner-time arrived it was not to be found.—What has become of the golden cup our uncle drinks out of?—The servant of the inn said that the young man had it.—If I have got the golden cup may I be hanged to-day!—Inexorable justice was executed the same day; but his father and mother, nevertheless, accomplished their pilgrimage. On their return they wished to see their son. The pilgrim said to the pilgrim that she wished to see her son.—Where would you go, poor fool? Where, my poor wife, would you go? From afar thou shalt see him, and stop but to weep.—From afar she beheld him and wept like to die. St. Jago is at his feet, the Virgin at his head, and angels stand around him; all make him company.—Ah! mother, my mother, one thing I'll tell thee; it is that you go to the house of the Justice, the house of the Justice of the town; you will find him eating a cock and a hen. On arriving you will say to him, say with politeness : God keep the Justice and all his company! Go, cut down my son, who is restored to life.—Get you gone, old fool; bring none of your foolish stories here! your son is as much

alive as this cock and hen.—The cock began to crow, and the hen laid an egg on his platter. It is a miracle of God and the gentle Virgin Mary. Then the young man was cut down; and then was hanged the damsel, after having first been whipped.

Another of the Catalan romances almost incloses a tragedy. The husband was slow of hand, and the page was swift of foot, and the good lady escaped with a flogging. We cannot say much in favour of royal gallantry.

The King has given a banquet; and there was present all the counts whom he held in high esteem. Whilst they were at dinner the King spoke thus :—

My daughter, which pleases you most? My daughter, which would you like most?—"It is Count Floris that pleases me; it is Count Floris I would like the best." "My daughter, thou canst not be so, he is already married. Count, kill thy wife, and I shall give thee my daughter." The Count returned to his house, and his countenance was sad. His wife met him in the garden-walk. "What aileth thee, my Lord Count? What is the cause of thy grief?"—"Let us go to supper, Countess, I shall tell you whilst we sup." "What aileth thee, my Lord Count? What aileth thee, thou dost not eat thy supper?"—"Let us go to bed, Countess, I shall tell thee when we are in bed." It was midnight, and neither had fallen asleep. "What aileth thee, my Lord Count? what aileth thee, thou dost not go to sleep?"—"Countess, the King hath ordered me to bring him live blood (*que li portes yo sang viva*).—"Descend unto the stable, and kill thy good horse there." "Wife, such cannot be; the King would know it . . . the King himself hath commanded that we two separate." "I will die for thee, my Count. Descend and bring me the fine linen that I brodered for myself while yet a maiden; among them I shall find one fit for a winding-sheet." When he was about to kill her, there arrived a page from the King : "Count, beat thy wife, if thou hast not already killed her."

Very kind of the King, indeed; and very odd is an item in Amelia's testament.

Amelia was sick; remedy there was none. Counts came to see her, counts, and kings, and barons. Her heart grew chill, longing for carnations. Her mother came there likewise, as if she had known nothing. "Daughter, my daughter, what aileth thee?" "My mother, the disease which very well ye know; ye gave me flowers to espouse my husband; ye gave me flowers, my mother; now ye shall see me die." "Confess then, my daughter, then ye can communicate; and when ye have communicated, then thou canst make thy will." "I have seven castles in France, and can dispose of all. Three I give to the poor, to the poor and to pilgrims; a fourth to the monks for the love of holy God; the others to Don Carlos, because he is my brother." "And what then to me, daughter; what then to me?" "To you, to you my mother, to you I leave my husband."

Such is the staple supplied to us by Senor Mila. From Spain and Barcelona it is but a hop, step, and jump, in these days, to Hungary and Pesth. We learn that Hungarian literature has become more and more abundant since 1848. Macaulay has had the honours of translation into the language of the Magyars; so also has had Guizot, through his "Life of Washington;" and so also Thierry through his "Attila." The scholars of Hungary, no longer able to take part in politics, take refuge in literature. National history occupies a first place among recent publications. The most important of this kind is *A Hunyadiak*, &c. (The History of the Age of Hunyadi in Hungary [1420-1480]), by Joseph Teleki. Before the revolution Teleki was governor of Transylvania, and president of the Hungarian Academy from its foundation in 1830. He was born in 1795, and died last March. He has not only published at his own expense the five large volumes just published, but has left the necessary funds for the publication of the remaining volumes, which will raise the number to twelve. Another important work—*A Magyarok története* (History of the Hungarians), by Ladislav Szalay, has likewise appeared. Five volumes of this work were printed at Leipsic, in Hungarian and German. He brings his history down to 1690. A German edition of Count Teleki's work has been published at the same place. We learn farther that of its three great poets Hungary has lost two—Petöfi, carried off by premature death, at the age of six-and-twenty, who had already made himself an illustrious name by his numerous

poems; the other, Vörösmarty, tired of active life, withdrew into the country, and occupied himself with a translation of Shakspeare, and our great bard may soon become familiar to all the dwellers upon the Danube; but the third, Johan Arany, professor at Nagykörös, still lives and produces. His poem *Toldi*, which built his renown, has passed through several editions. He has since written *The Siege of Murany*, *The Bohemians of Great Ida Katharine* (Katalin); and lastly *Toldiesteje* (The Evening of the Life of Toldi). Moritz Jókay, a writer of romances, on account of his fecundity, has been surnamed the *Dumas of Hungary*. Baron Jósika, a romancist, scarcely less fecund than the former, is at present a refugee in Brussels. *Magyarország Képeklen* (A Picture of Hungary) approves itself to notice in its literature, engravings, and typography. There is a German edition to be had, and a translation of the work into French is in course of preparation.

A tempting subject for the biographer is the life of Tancrède de Rohan, putative son of the Duke de Rohan, who was brought into the world under mysterious circumstances, and circumstances which gave rise to much scandal at the time. He was forcibly carried away from the person who had charge of him when only four years old, was taken into Holland, was apprenticed to a draper, was afterwards discovered by his mother the Duchess, reclaimed, and brought to Paris. He became subsequently the subject of a lawsuit, which was instituted by his mother to put him in possession of his father's name and estate, wherein he was defeated by the machinations of his sister and her husband Henri Chabot. He was born in 1630, and died in battle in 1649. Scuderi dared to eulogise him in verses addressed to his sister. Rochefoucauld, in his memoirs, always calls him *le jeune Duc de Rohan*; and there would appear to be but little doubt that he was really the son of the Duke and Duchess of Rohan. The subject is tempting, we repeat—so tempting, that it might easily lead a writer into the region of romance. The first life of him which appeared was published at Liège in 1767—*Histoire de Tancrède de Rohan*; the last has been recently published, *Tancrède de Rohan*, by Henri Martin, who has yielded to the temptation, and treats us to an agreeable *mélange* of fact and fiction. His book opens in the following fashion :—

In an ancient parish journal, which has been kept by the Curates of Saint Paul, as a register of civil affairs, and a memorandum of passing events of importance, on the verso of a page whose recto bears on the margin the date December 1630, occur the following notes :—

Dec. 13. Received from Madame Chompré a smoked tongue and two bottles of Orleans wine, in token of the Christian love she bears us.

14th. Death of Messire Hubert de l'Épinay, killed in duel by M. de Boisgelin, in the forest of Vincennes, near the gate of St. Maude : which was villainously done, save the respect due to quality; duelling being expressly forbidden by the fifth (sixth) commandment of God and the ordinances of the King our sire.

Same day, execution of Madeleine Bourrichon (*requiescat in pace*), hanged in Place de Grève for having (*horresco referens*) stolen the cape and surplice of the curé of Saint-Eustache, my colleague and friend. In verity, people had never so little respect for holy things as in these days; the age is going on from worse to worse; and one would believe that the end of the world was approaching.

16th of said month (a thing which confirms the foregoing observation), dismissed one of our chorister boys, we having discovered that he drank by stealth nearly all the wine destined for the holy sacrifice of the mass.

The same day, received of M. Hallard two cheeses, and a fine carp fit for broiling; there are still good souls in this world.

The 18th December, conferred the holy sacrament of baptism on a child of the male sex, aged seven days, father and mother unknown, as results from the declaration to us made by those who were present. The godfather is the Sieur Jérôme Audry, apothecary; the godmother the Demoiselle Marie Millet, midwife, who would persist in giving the child the name of Tancrède, although we had engaged them to choose a more convenient patron, and holding an honourable place in the calendar, as Hilary, Magloire, or Pacôme.

The history of this child is the subject of this book.

M. Martin of course espouses the side of his hero, and raises up, side by side with his sister Marguerite Rohan and her husband Chabot, Barrière, Sauvetat, and Prefontaine, the instruments of their outrage upon poor Tancrède. The only invented characters are M. d'Orval, and his daughter Claire d'Orval, and Jacob Renetz. The book, like the true history, finishes with a tragedy. It is a "railway book," and will beguile a weary ride in third or first-class carriage.

Foreign Books recently published.

[Where prices are given the franc has been valued at a shilling, and the thaler at three shillings, as in importing books duty and carriage have to be reckoned.]

Mœurs et Voyages, ou récits du monde nouveau. By Philaret Chasles. 18mo. Paris. 3s. 6d.

Chœur de Notre-Dame de Paris. Histoires et emblèmes bibliques sculptés au pourtour extérieur. 8vo. with a plate. Paris.

Biographie de E de Mirecourt (2nd edit). By Th. Deschamps et Serpantié. 32mo. Paris.

Coup d'œil rapide sur les informations obtenues depuis la fin du XVIII. siècle au sujet de l'intérieur de l'Afrique septentrionale, comparées avec les découvertes faites jusqu'à ce jour dans la même région, suivi de réflexions sommaires sur la course du Kouara, vulgairement appelé Niger, et sur l'hydrographie de l'Afrique centrale au nord de l'équateur. By l'Abbé Dinomé. 8vo. Paris.

Les grands hommes en robe de chambre. Henri IV. By Alex. Dumas. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris. 15s.

Le Roman d'une Femme. By Alex. Dumas, fils. 16mo. Paris. 1s.

Un Monde inconnu. By Paul Duplessis. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris. 15s.

L'Amour et l'Argent. By Adolphe Favre. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris.

Etudes sur la vie de Bossuet jusqu'à son entrée en fonctions en qualité de précepteur du dauphin (1627-1670). By A. Floquet. Tome III. Paris. 6s. 6d.

Histoire de Gustaf II. Adolphe. Translated from the Swedish of André Fryxell, by Mlle. R. du Puget. 2nd edit. 16mo. Paris. 3s. 6d.

Méandre: étude historique et littéraire sur la comédie et la société grecques. By Guillaume Guizot. 12mo. Paris. 3s. 6d.

Lois des Bourguignons, vulgairement nommées lois Gombette, traduites pour la première fois par M. J.-F.-A. Peyré. 8vo. Lyons. 1s.

Histoire d'une Colonne. By Mory. Paris. 1s.

Le Dessous du Panier. By Henri Murger. 16mo. Paris. 1s.

Suzanne Duchemin. By Louis Ulbach. 18mo. Paris. 3s. 6d.

BELGIUM.

Nouveau Vocabulaire. Dialogues Français-Flandand et Flamand-Français. By Lebrun. Brussels. 12mo.

La question de l'Origine de l'Imprimerie et le grand concile typographique. By C. Ruelens. Brussels. 8vo.

Slich, Glengall et Derby, ou un trio d'outre-mer. Continuation des réponses aux allégations anglaises sur la conduite des troupes belges en 1815. Poème. By V. Van Huffel. Brussels. 8vo.

GERMANY.

Denkmale der Kunst, &c. (Monuments of Art and History, published by the Antiquarian Society of Baden. The Tomb of Nodpurga in the Church of Hochhausen, on the Neckar, &c.). Karlsruhe. Folio.

Soll und Haben (Ought and Have, a romance in six books). By G. Freitag. Leipzig. 8vo. 18s.

Gedenkbuch an Friedrich Schiller (Memorial of Schiller, edited by the Schillerian Society at Leipsic, 9th May, 1855). 1st part. Leipsic. 16mo.

Das speculative System, &c. (The Speculative System of René Descartes, its Advantages and Disadvantages.) Vienna. 8vo.

FRANCE.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Paris, June 13.

THE favourable news from Sebastopol and the Sea of Azoff, coupled with the return of the fine though still uncertain weather, have sufficed to put the Parisians and their thousands of visitors in good spirits; and without touching upon the Exhibition, where a certain "special" correspondent is almost daily to be seen scanning its contents with too critical an eye to leave me a word on the subject, I may truly say that, altogether independent of the industrial attraction of the day, Paris, with its splendid new streets, palaces, picture-galleries, museums—not to mention its glorious environs, as one may now call Versailles and Fontainebleau, all of which are thrown open to the stranger without let or hindrance, above all, without that greatest of bores, *fees*—presents a novelty and interest which will repay the trouble of a trip, had the said Exhibition never been in existence. To this must be added the most curious sight of all—

Paris out of doors—with the multitudinous crowd of strangers who "push us from our stools" in every *café*, promenade, and place of amusement, from the Archaeological Hotel de Cluny down to the *Bal Mabille*, where the wondering *voyageurs* themselves are the principal object of curiosity (*et aliquid magis*). While on this subject I must correct a misstatement in a former epistle—to wit, that the speculation of the *Diner de l'Exposition* had failed and shut up shop. The last branch of the sentence only was correct. It had closed its doors, but only for the purposes of alteration, and has since reopened in all its pristine splendour. *Fiat justitia!*

You will have seen by the Paris papers that all our civic authorities have been "Moon-struck" by the visit of *Le Roi de Londres*, the Lord Mayor. The worthy baronet is, however, known and admired in Paris for something higher than aldermanic honours, namely, as having been a large and liberal patron of arts and artists while engaged in business as a publisher, among whom he held one of the first positions in England.

A determined band of youthful journalists are preparing to launch a perfect bevy of new periodicals, newspapers, reviews, &c. &c., at the heads of the visitors drawn to this capital by the Exhibition. Their supply of intellectual food will therefore be more than abundant; but, alas! like the cheap restaurants, where you dine with a variety of dishes for thirty sous a head, quality, we are afraid, by no means responds to quantity, and the *plats* produced by the inexperienced hands of these embryo *littérateurs*, may be more productive of indigestion than nourishment. No less than twenty-three new periodical publications are about to be launched into the world. They are: *La Fronde*, which promises to be literary, artistic, and theatrical; *Le Globe Industriel*, *Le Palais des Expositions*, *Le Moniteur des Expositions Universelles*, *L'Industrie Universelle*, and *La Revue Générale des Expositions*—a batch, the titles of which sufficiently indicate their speciality; the *Portefeuille*, the first number of which opens by an attack on Paul Louis Courier, as violent as it is unjust; *Le Capital*, commercial and monetary; *Le Censeur des Chemins de Fer*; *L'Avenir*, a weekly publication, which (judging from the specimen before us) resembles the late *Lamennais'* remarkable publication only by the name. *L'Appel*, a resuscitation of the *Sans le Sac*, starved to death some time since, calls upon young *littérateurs* to rise to fame through its columns. We then are to have *L'Art Utile*, *Le Mémorial Littéraire*, *La Revue Chronométrique*, and, lastly, the *Union des Cordonniers et des Corroyeurs*. The editor, M. Savinien Lapointe, describes himself as a *cordonnier-poète*. This is the case or never to say *Ne sutor ultra*, &c.

From new journals to new books there is but one step. M. Arsène Houssaye, the manager of the *Français*, and author of some literary *bluettes* of small value in the opinion of every one but the author and his intimate friends, has just published a book called *Le Quarante et Unième Fauteuil de l'Académie Française*, in which he purports to describe all the writers of merit who have not been among the forty immortals. The idea is a happy one; and, were it well carried out, the book of M. Houssaye would be well worth reading. But such a subject would require a Villainain or an Isaac d'Israeli to do it justice.

It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that poor M. Houssaye has so signally failed. A kind of half success has been got up for the book by his friends, who are both numerous and influential, by dint of puffing; and M. Houssaye is so well satisfied with his labours that he is, *dit on*, going to write an *Histoire du Quarante-deuxième Fauteuil de l'Académie*, in which he will provide a seat for all the *fémines de lettres* he judges worthy of the honour. The attempt to do homage to female literary genius is creditable to the gallantry of the literary *impresario*; but, although many celebrities have passed from memory,

Vate quia carent sacro,

will Mme. de Sévigné, Mme. de Maintenon, or, coming down to more modern times, Mme. Sand herself, only be known to posterity through M. Houssaye's pages? If fate should so decree, then indeed both our fair writers and our *neepotes* are to be sincerely commiserated.

For the following curious anecdote I am indebted to your able contemporary, the *Athénium Français*:

The late M. Lesur, better known by the *Annuaire* which bears his name than by his other works, filled, under Napoleon, the post of "historiographe" to the Foreign Office, and in this capacity drew up several historico-political pamphlets, which were anonymously published. At the time of the Russian campaign, towards the beginning of 1813, he was instructed to write an *Histoire des Cosaques*; but, the work once completed, it was decided it should not be published before having been submitted to competent judges. The Director of the Imperial Printing-office was summoned to the Tuileries by the Emperor, who placed a bulky manuscript into his hands, with these words:—"Marcel, I know I can rely upon you. Take care, then, no person in the world should suspect the existence of this work: print it secretly, and bring me the volumes. I will have them published at a fitting time. Can you do what I ask

you." Marcel's answer is characteristic of the times and the nation:—"Sire, it is impossible; yet your orders shall be punctually followed. I will answer for the secret being kept." On this he withdrew with the manuscript. He first copied it; and then, numbering every line of his copy, cut up each page into as many pieces as it contained lines, gave out to the men a certain number of lines, taken *passim* from various parts of the work. He then himself "made up" the work with his own hands, and had it printed and sewn by deaf and dumb workmen. Some time afterwards the work appeared; and, on the *employes* of the establishment expressing their surprise at the similarity between its type and that exclusively used by them, Marcel still further increased it by telling them where and how it had been printed.

An interesting sale of autographs will take place in a few days, consisting chiefly of the collection of the late M. Renouard, the well-known publisher. It comprises no less than three thousand specimens, some of which, judging from the description given of them by the catalogue, are curious in the extreme. Among them, one by Buffon to a lady of rank, requests her to thank an illustrious person for having sent him (Buffon) a production, which, the naturalist informs his fair correspondent confidentially, he will place *au Cabinet*. Another, from Madame Pompadour to the Duc de Chaulnes, commences thus: "Bonjour, mon cher Cochin."

Another of the letters is from a fair widow of two-and-twenty, offering to "the incorruptible Robespierre" her hand, her heart, and her fortune of 40,000 francs a year. It is unnecessary to add that the "incorruptible" did not accept this *offrande patriotique*.

The theatres continue crowded; but, with one grand exception, no novelty of distinguished merit has turned up. The *Français* have given a comedy in three acts, called *Par Droit de Conquête*. Pleasing mediocrity is the highest pretensions the author, M. Legouvé, can lay claim to. At the *Opéra Comique* we have Messrs. Auber and Scribe, each of whom it may well be said *clarum et venerabile nomen*; let us honour their names—now, alas! their principal title to popularity. They have produced an opera, called *Jenny Bell*; without much criticism, its merits will be sufficiently comprehended from the fact that the hearer finds it very difficult to believe—remembering *Fra Diavolo*, *Le Domino Noir*, *La Muette*, &c.—that it can possibly have proceeded from the same hands which have so often delighted them. All authors and musicians, like popular *artistes*, should retire in time. Ah! this *auri sacra fames!* The bright part of the picture is the appearance of the great Italian tragedian, Mme. Ristori, whose performance in Alfieri's tragedy of *Mirra* has thrown all Paris into commotion. The subject of this play is so repugnant, that only genius of the sublimest cast could render it presentable; but the principal character is acted by this gifted lady with a passion so true, a pathos so perfect, and at the same time an energy so terrible, as literally to transport the coldest (to foreign artists) public in the world. At the fall of the curtain, on the first performance, it was raised three times successively on the impetuous clamour of the auditory, to allow them to testify their enthusiasm. It has several times been repeated to overflowing houses; and, though written in a language to which the majority of the spectators are unfamiliar, such is the expression and absolute nature of the tones of this truly great actress, that she finds her way to every heart. One person alone in Paris could have witnessed the magnificent display and view the favour of the public without delight—Mlle Rachel.

ITALY.

(FROM OUR ITALIAN CORRESPONDENT.)

The Sicilian Vespers—The Giornale Arcadico—Cardinal Mai—New Publications—A Devotional Monument—Artistic Festivals—The Camuccini Gallery.

Rome, May 28.

ONE of the distinguished among the writers regularly employed at the Vatican Library is the Abate Matranga, a Sicilian, profoundly versed in Greek literature, and in whom amiable vivacity of character is united to energy as well as refinement of mind. He has lately drawn from obscurity in that library a MS. throwing additional light on one of the most tragic and variously represented episodes in history—the massacre of Palermo in 1282. This document occupies twelve sheets of parchment in 8vo., with double-column pages, and is classed in the catalogue among the Codes of Latin Miscellanies, No. 5286, though not really in the Latin but the vernacular Italian, and of phraseology strictly pure, even according to tests of modern purism, notwithstanding many obsolete quaintnesses and general characteristics, justifying the conclusion that the writer was contemporary with the events narrated. The very first page, indeed, which the Abate obligingly allowed me to read, in his yet unpublished transcript, struck me as marked with the graphic simplicity natural to one writing of things witnessed, or at least recent and familiarly known. The chief value of this discovery is that it restores the principal place and inspiration of the movement to Procida, contrary to the view supported by Amari, and now perhaps generally received

on authority of a work so successful as his "History of the Sicilian Vespers." That brilliant writer's sympathies seem to have biased him to the acceptance of a theory ascribing the *animus* of the Palermitan insurrection much more to a patriotic principle diffused over the popular mind than to any individual conspirator. At all events, Amari is now informed of the additional testimony supplied to his subject, Matranga having with frankness and courtesy communicated to him the discovery, and pointed out the discrepancies between this MS. and his (Amari's) conclusions. The Abate has not yet availed himself of the privilege to publish this document, and harbours the idea of using it as nucleus to a work of more extent and originality, a "History of the Vespers," compiled by himself, to be based on this with other antique authorities. Such a publication, though to appear in Rome, he would not wish to produce without explaining its purport to the King of Naples and obtaining sanction from that monarch—likely to be propitiated rather than otherwise by the exposure of a sanguinary movement against the throne he actually fills, in a sense proving individual agency, rather than the more formidable workings of popular feeling, to have originated, or at least mainly directed it. The fact of Matranga's discovery has been already consigned to fame in a compilation of Latin and Italian documents to illustrate the story of the university and antiquities of Salerno—*Collectio Salernitana*, edited by Dr. De Renzi, the publication of which is still in progress (at Naples), having reached the third volume.

The last quarterly publication of the *Giornale Arcadico* (forming a thick volume) contains a necrologic notice of Cardinal Mai, by Salvatore Belli, a writer of repute, the most valuable portion of whose contribution is an autobiographical sketch by the Cardinal himself, given to Belli in 1840 on his earnest request to be supplied with such details for an historic work he was then engaged upon. Brief, modest, and sketchy is this record of his literary career and discoveries of classic treasures by the illustrious scholar. The monument to this Cardinal, with a kneeling portrait statue, by Benzon, is now being finished in the marble. It was not known till after his death that Mai had himself ordered it for the church of which he was Titular—whether with a presentiment of his last hour, or simply in the desire to benefit the sculptor, who can say? He had visited the studio only a few days before his decease, and suggested to Benzon some new subjects for the small reliefs, to be disposed along the architectonic framework of the niche, namely, the Ambrosian and Vatican libraries, as principal scenes of his labours and discoveries. The same number of the *Arcadico*, publishes a few inedited letters of Pindemonte (1781-3) to two literary correspondents, principally treating of classic authors and translations from their works. One passage expresses his decided preference, among historians, for Sallust; another alludes, with eulogy, to the Latin poems of Gray. The Marquis Melchiorre, who died in March last, was President of the Capitoline Museum and author of some esteemed works on antiquities, among which was the best Italian guide to Rome and its environs. Up to the time of his death he had been engaged on a work, now published posthumously, treating of the Arvalis Brotherhood, or priests of the Ambarvalia Festivals.

The press of the Propaganda has just issued the first section of a work printed at the expense of the Pontiff, and (it is believed) undertaken at the express desire of Pius IX.—*L'Eglise Orientale*, by Pitzipios, a native of Scio, who was once in official employ at Constantinople, but is now residing here, supported by a small pension from the private purse of his Holiness. This work is to be extended over four volumes, each under a different title and devoted to a particular aspect of its general theme—the "Separation of the two Churches;" the "Reunion of the two Churches;" the "Apostasy of the Clergy of Constantinople;" lastly, the "Sole practicable means for re-establishing Order in the Oriental Church." One of the writer's strongest positions is, that the reunion with Rome, having been effected and solemnly proclaimed in the Council of Florence, A.D. 1439, exists *de jure*, &c., to this day, because never abrogated or modified by any posterior councils. The history of the Florentine assemblage, its convocation and sessions, is promised as an episode of the second section; and in that dedicated to expose the Constantinopolitan apostasy will be shown the gradual decadence, open simony, and complete depravation of that clergy since the fall of the Byzantine Empire. The most interesting chapters are those on the ritual and dogmatic differences between the Greek and Latin communions, where are supplied many curious details of the religious usages of the East, the ignorance of the clergy, and the trivial arguments in vogue for the defence of their system. One may be amused at the *jeu de mots* solemnly put forward in the collection of Greek canons called the "Pedalion"—from the initials of the five patriarchates, Constantinople, Alexandria, Rome, Antioch, and Jerusalem, is formed the word *Kápas* (heads), to which the clergy have gratuitously added *οὐνοῦ* (of the universe); but Signor Pitzipios shows that even as an acrostic there is neither wit nor propriety in their invention—for, Rome being excluded with anathemas from their system, no other word can be fashioned out of the remaining initials except ΑΙΚΑ ("alas!")—the

exclamation most suitable to the present condition of the four Patriarchates! This author uses the French language, which he begs his readers to consider with indulgence is not native to him, but notwithstanding has wielded with respectable ability, and the merit, at least, of perspicuous simplicity.

Another novelty is a volume of unpretending form, but containing much archæologic information and well-drawn description—"A Pittorico-antiquarian Journey from Rome to Tivoli and Subiaco (*Viaggio pittorico-antiquario*, &c.) by Fabio Gori, a writer who now, I understand, makes his first appearance. In what mind acquainted with Italian scenes, either through books or travel, does not the name of Tivoli raise visions of beauty and classic antiquity—the graceful temple or the rock, the olive-wooded glen, the sounding cataract of "præceps Anio," the odes of Horace, and the improvisations of Corinne? The oft-performed task of pointing out and explaining the objects notable in this consecrated region is here discharged with feeling and a tone of freshness that render Signor Gori's work more readable than many others of similar character. He places the temple of the Sybil, not (like other topographers) in the vicinity of that circular fane of Vesta so often introduced in landscape, but on the sulphur lake called *Lago dei Tartari*, near the foot of the range of mountains on which Tivoli stands. The popular tradition as to the site of the Villa of Horace, on a spot now occupied by a farm belonging to the Jesuits, which Nibby opposed, this author countenances. Subiaco, forty-five miles distant from Rome, has been far less illustrated, though ample material is provided for antiquarian or picturesque description by its celebrated monastery of St. Benedict, and that of St. Scolastica lower down on the same declivity in the mountain-solitude. Indeed, the ancient frescoes at San Benedetto, whose mazy chapels and aisles are for the most part excavated out of the living rock, story below story, including the cavern where the Saint spent many years in the austerest devotions of eremitic seclusion, have rarely been described with fulness and accuracy. This church, built under Leo IX. (1049-53), has happily escaped almost entirely the profanations of modern restorers. Of its various compartments, that forming the highest story, on a level with the conventual buildings, is surrounded by frescoes mostly of the eleventh century; the second and third stories, as we descend, were painted (according to Gori's supposition) prior to 1217. The account of all these works was written in 1544 by two monks, and deposited in the archives of the monastery, whence, unfortunately, the MS. has been stolen, or disappeared by other causes. The original church of Santa Scolastica, consecrated by Benedict VII. in 981, possessed some features of the Gothic, supposed to be the very first traces of that style in Italy. It was almost totally rebuilt in the last century, and, like every other Italian restoration of the same epoch, in tasteless contradiction to earlier types of Christian architecture, namely, in modern Romano-Greek, with Ionic columns. The cloisters, built in 1235, and of the rich old style so much admired in its most perfect specimen preserved near Rome, the cloisters of the Ostian Basilica, have been fortunately uninjured by time or restorers; and to the present Abbot is due a species of renovation acceptable to lovers of the antique, the opening of a crypt long inaccessible, formerly used only for sepulture, and the retouching of some good frescoes adorning its walls (apparently of the fifteenth century, and conjectured by Gori to be of the precise date 1488), for which were engaged two artists employed at the Vatican. In some fragments of vaulted buildings and walls of quadrilateral blocks, on a solitary spot of the Campagna, near the Tiburtine Way, Gori believes himself to have discovered the remains of Varia, the ancient city recognised by Cluvier in Vicovaro, a few miles distant on the high road from Tivoli to Subiaco; hence, perhaps, he has deemed himself justified in the rather ostentatious addition to the title of this little volume, "with important archæological discoveries by the same author."

Another new publication, which might be admitted on the list of illustrations of Rome, is a curiosity in its way, and certainly an exposition of one feature in the *memorabilia* of the Eternal City which no learned pen has yet been engaged upon. "Historic Notices respecting the Origin of the Names of many Taverns, Coffee-houses, Hotels, and Inns existing in the City of Rome" (*Notizie Storiche intorno alla Origine dei Nomi*, &c.), by the Chevalier Rufini. The Romans, though distinguished by a certain haughty bearing, and possessed with a sense of the dignity attaching to their names, are apt to unbend into the most confiding amiability over good cheer, and to forget *inter scyphos* all complaints against government and adverse fortune. Yet this people, while accustomed to spend a great part of their time in places of entertainment, are far from habitually intemperate. Like Rogers, in his epitomising of Italian banquets—

My omelette and a fagon of good wine—

They will be satisfied with little, as far as variety or science are requirements of their *cuisine*, and beguile away hours in merriment (occasionally, it is true, interrupted by high words that lead to tragic deeds, among those classes who cannot be cured of the per-

nicious habit of carrying clasp-knives) within the smoky recesses of some dismal *osteria*, redolent of oil and garlic, or the more pretending but not much cleaner café and restaurant. The establishment of this latter kind where Pinelli used nightly to study living originals for his groups of peasants and brigands is still open, near the Fontana Trevi, and one of the most frequented here. Many eating-houses of the same calibre, and still more wine-shops in the less modernised quarters, particularly in the Trastevere, are precisely on the model of the Pompeii shops, or even the ground-floors of far more stately edifices preserved among Roman ruins; and the Golden House of Nero only presents on an enlarged scale the usual arrangement, observable at this day, of oblong vaulted rooms without windows, lighted from the entrance or by apertures at both extremities. To this universal propensity for seeking amusement in public places, anywhere rather than at home, may be ascribed the amazing abundance, proportioned to this population, of all such establishments as are included in the title to the Chevalier Rufini's little work.

Among the names whimsically assigned, as appears more frequently by the popular voice than by the taste of the proprietor, to such public-houses, some are characteristic of the Pagan, other of the Papal Metropolis. Thus, the *Café Macil dei Corvi* ("Slaughter of the Ravens") is so called from its proximity to the sepulchre of Bibulus, the first of that family surnamed Corvinus to participate in the privilege of interment within the city-walls, conceded in honour of their ancestor, Marcus Valerius, whose combat with the gigantic Gaul was brought to issue by the descent of the raven, the talons of which tore out his adversary's eyes. The inn, restaurant, and *café Dei tre Re* stands on the site of a house where once, in mediæval times, lodged three gentlemen, arrived here in the Year of Jubilee, who regarded no expense and scattered largesses like kings on their coronation-days. Mine host, observing the distinguished conduct of his guests, began to whisper among gossips that they were veritably three kings, on pilgrimage *incognito* to obtain the indulgences of the "Anno Santo." Hence the name, first popularly, then professionally, assigned to the establishment. In that Jubilee year when Dante made his first and last visit to Rome (1300, not 1299, as here mistaken) Pope Boniface VIII. was desirous to assure himself whether, at any previous period, so vast a concourse had been gathered here for devotional purposes: chronicles could not inform him; but at last was brought before the Pope a pilgrim aged 107, who assured his Holiness that when he first had repaired hither to obtain indulgences at the ecclesiastical centre, nothing like the multitude of strangers actually collected was to be found; his memory serving him perfectly well, though that early initiation into pilgrim-life had been exactly a century previous. The devout centogenarian left his name and the street he lodged in, and we have to this day the *Via* and *Caffè del Pellegrino*. We might be surprised to find in this consecrated city an *Osteria del Diavolo*; but its name was determined by the popular voice of old in an orthodox spirit, to indicate abhorrence against the original *padrone*, a graceless fellow who was always blaspheming, and of whom we are here informed, that "before long time elapsed, the impious man fell into the hands of justice, paying thus the penalty of his iniquities." Apropos of the propensity to make the *Café* the forum of modern Rome for all species of discussion as well as "*dolce far niente*," may be recorded the fate of one such establishment, called the *Belli Arti*, which had become so notoriously the rendezvous of demagogues and centre of democratic conspirings during the agitations of 1848, that, on the restoration of the Papal Government, it was not only closed, with ejection of the proprietors, but condemned never after to open its doors for any kind of public entertainment. Hats are now sold where once heads were put together for mischief within these anathematised walls.

On the 6th inst. was laid the first stone for the memorial to the definition of the Immaculate Conception, not (as expected) by the Pope, but by the Cardinal Prefect of Propaganda, who, with several prelates, the students of the Propaganda and Greek Colleges, advanced in procession to the spot, where a pavilion had been prepared, with scarlet hangings, from the principal entrance to the first-named of those colleges. Whilst hymns and litanies were sung, the ceremony was performed in the centre of this grouping, the Cardinal inserting in the marble foundation-stone a leaden coffer filled with coins of the present pontificate, and two Latin epigraphs in a leaden tube. Troops were on duty, a multitude of spectators assembled, and the windows of all overlooking houses were decorated with gay draperies—the whole scene, being on a beautiful Sunday evening, animated and brilliant. The column to be erected for this memorial, on the Piazza de Spagna, was found in laying the foundations of a convent on the Campus Martius, in 1777. It is to stand on two octagonal pedestals, with the statue of the Madonna at the summit, those of Moses, Isaiah, David, and Ezekiel round the basement. Pius IX. has been spending a fortnight at his palace on the Lake of Albano, from which he made one day an excursion to Porto d'Anzio, where the villa of the celebrated Cardinal Albani has been purchased for him. The restorations of the Neoronian

port, so much frequented by shipping in imperial times, undertaken at his command, were here inspected by his Holiness, and the new church built at his own expense. Porto d'Anzio had declined into a miserable little village, but is now rising to renewed life, thanks to the interest taken in it by the Pontiff. The ex-King of Bavaria has been here for several weeks, and this is, I believe, his fourteenth or fifteenth visit to Rome, and precisely the fiftieth year since the first of those numerous pilgrimages. To honour such an anniversary in the person of this royal Mæcenæ was devised, on the part not only of German but other artists, an entertainment in the beautiful Albani Villa, so celebrated for its collection of sculptures, and associated with the memory of Winckelmann. Here, on Sunday the 20th, was spread a banquet, in the principal gallery, at which King Louis sat, with a company of seventy, including almost all the first celebrities of art now in Rome—Cornelius, Overbeck, Tenerani, Benzon, Tadolini, Bienaimé, Podesti, Crawford, and Gibson. There was some speaking, and the longest address of congratulation was read in German by Cornelius (proving rather tedious to many who did not understand it). Schurtz,

the director of the French Academy, spoke in his own language, briefly and appropriately; but the best discourse of all was by Mivardi, in Italian, to which finally the King replied in the same tongue. During his residence here this ex-majesty preserved strict *incognito*, and almost entirely abandoned himself to the society of artists, visiting their studios every day, and daily inviting two of them to dine with him at the Villa Malta, his unpretending residence on the Pincian. An entertainment was given by artists of our nationality at the English Club, in honour of Mr. Leighton, on the announcement that his picture of the procession of Cimabue's "Madonna" had been purchased by our Queen. The annual artistic *fête champêtre*, called the Cervara Festival (though no longer held at that spot on the Campagna whence the name derives), was postponed, on account of wet weather, from the 1st to the 5th May. As usual, the German element predominated. There was a variety of fancy dresses, some burlesque, others splendid; the feasting consisted of a cold collation under a tent, in a solitary region of the Campagna beyond the Salarian Bridge, near the site of the ancient Sabine city, Fidenæ.

Comical races on donkey-back, glee-singing, and national dances with some Roman girls, who sit in costume as models, added to the amusements of this characteristic celebration, which numbers of tourists drove out from Rome to witness as passive spectators.

The sale of the gallery formed by Camuccini to the Duke of Northumberland has finally been arranged at the price of 80,000 scudi (16,000*l.*), subjected to a deduction of twenty per cent. as exportation-tax, to indemnify or bribe the Government for this departure from its principles in dispensing with laws against the extraction of classic works of art. To Government itself was made the offer of this gallery for 60,000 scudi by the Baron Camuccini, only surviving son of the celebrated painter; but the present state of finances does not allow the Papal ministry to pledge itself to unnecessary expenditure. The gallery thus lost to Rome (and already stowed in cases for departure) had been open to the public twice a week. Its greatest gem is the large picture of the mythologic deities visiting earth to taste the fruits of its harvests, by Gian Bellini and Titian.

C. J. H.

SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, &c.

SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

SCIENTIFIC SUMMARY.

PHYSICAL GEOLOGY.

THE DESCENT OF GLACIERS.—The causes of the slow and downward march of the large mountains of solid ice, which form such striking objects in Alpine Scenery, has occupied since the time of Saussure the attention of many European philosophers. That these vast masses of solid, brittle ice do travel slowly down the sides of the mountains was proved by Saussure, who attributed this gentle progression to simple gravitation—a view acquiesced in, rather than accepted by, geologists for many years. Subsequently, Professor James Forbes minutely and carefully examined the phenomena attending the descent of several well-known glaciers, and propounded the hypothesis that, brittle as ice is under sudden shocks, yet that it really possesses a semi-fluid or viscous character which enables it to flow slowly downwards, in obedience to gravity, but without splitting and breaking up, as it would were it really brittle; comparing a mass of ice or glacier, if we remember rightly, to a mass of pitch, which if struck smartly with a hammer shivers into fragments, but which, if merely exposed to weather-action, the heat of the sun, &c., gradually sinks or flows downwards, losing its angles and presenting an appearance of having been in a softened and viscous state; although at no period had it so lost its brittleness that a blow would not have shivered it. Lastly, M. Charpentier attributed the glacier motion to the daily congelation of water which percolates the glacier, and the consequent expansion of its mass by the solidifying of this water. All these hypotheses have in their turn found advocates; and doubtless the first and the last are in part true—seeing that, in the first place, gravitation must be concerned in this movement; although, if the descent were solely owing to its weight, those fragments of the glacier which so frequently stand firmly and at rest on the same slope upon which the mass is sliding down, would join company and slide also, which they do not—so that we require further reason than is as afforded by mere gravity to account for the observed phenomena: whilst as to the last of these hypotheses, so far as the expansion consequent on the congelation of water goes, it doubtless must act to a given extent; but, as this congelation does not take place to a great extent during summer, it is inadequate to produce the observed result—seeing, moreover, that the glacier-movement is greatest during the summer.

We cannot think there is any truth in Professor Forbes' idea, seeing that ice (unlike pitch) cannot be shown to possess viscosity under any conditions—and whether the mass under consideration be a mountain or a cubic inch, matters not, its inherent properties must be identical. However, to Mr. Forbes we owe numerous valuable and carefully-conducted observations respecting the rate of descent and temperature, &c., which are of great service as data by which any hypothesis, past or future, may be tested.

The Rev. Canon Moseley, of Bristol, has recently put forth an hypothesis of Glacier-motion in a paper read before the Royal Society, which, on a cursory view, appears to us to account for all the phenomena involved; and granting the amount of true causation involved in the hypotheses of De Saussure and Charpentier, which Mr. Moseley's hypothesis by no means ignores, this is seemingly entitled to rank as a complete theory and explanation of the gradual downward march of these icy mountains.

This theory—the offspring of that truly philosophic habit of mind which reasons out great results from seemingly trivial observations—arose, from its author

noticing, in the autumn of 1853, that a sheet of lead covering the sloping roof of the south side of the choir of Bristol Cathedral, which had been renewed in 1851, had descended bodily some eighteen inches into the gutter; so that, if plates of lead had not been inserted at the top, a strip of the roof of that width would have been exposed to the weather. This sheet of metal was about 60 feet long by 20 feet broad, and the descent had been continually going on from the time the lead had been laid down. It was nailed to the rafters to stop its descent, but in vain; the force which made the lead descend was strong enough to draw the nails. Subsequently the evil was remedied by doubling the sheets of lead around a beam, fixed across the rafters near the edge of the roof, and securing their ends with spike nails. As the pitch of the roof was only $16\frac{1}{2}^\circ$, it is evident that the weight of the lead was not alone concerned in the descent, seeing that such sheet lead will remain in repose on a surface of planed deal inclined at an angle of 30° , if it be exposed to no other force than its own gravity to make it descend.

Revolving this observation in his mind as one for which there was no sufficient obvious cause, Mr. Moseley came to the following conclusions:—That if we connect two similar masses (say cubes of rock or ice), by a body, such as a metallic rod, subject to expansion and contraction as the temperature rises and falls, it is evident that, when placed on a horizontal plane, the two masses will recede and approach each other equally as the connecting rod expands or contracts. But if they be placed on an inclined plane (one cube being lower than the other), when, by an increased temperature, a tendency to expand is imparted to the rod, the force will be sufficient to push the lower of the two cubes downwards, but not enough to push the higher upwards in opposition to gravity; so that the lower will be made to descend, whilst the upper remains at rest. The converse of this takes place when the contractile force comes into play; for when this is developed in sufficient amount to push the upper cube down the plane, it will not be sufficient to push the lower up it. Thus the lower will remain at rest, and the upper descend. As often then as the intervening body (the metal rod) expands or contracts, motion is alternately communicated to the cubes; until, by constant repetition of this action, the two bodies have descended the inclined plane, step by step, until they reach the bottom.

Bringing now mathematical science to bear upon these propositions, and connecting these results with the various conditions involved of variation of temperature, angle of inclination of the planes, linear expansion of lead by increase of temperature, &c. Mr. Moseley shows us that the daily variation in the temperature of the lead, exposed as it was to the action of the sun by its southern aspect, could not but cause it to descend considerably; and further, had the average daily variation of temperature during August continued throughout the year, that the downward progress of the lead would have been upwards of 20 inches during the two years, whereas it was really eighteen inches.

Now apply this to a glacier. Ice expands nearly twice as much as lead does by increase of temperature; so that, a sheet of ice under similar circumstances to those to which the sheet of lead on Bristol Cathedral was exposed, would have descended three feet in the same time. Glaciers are but sheets of ice, on an increased scale, placed on the slopes of mountains, and subjected to variations of temperature by atmospheric variation, and by the variations in quantity and temperature of the water which, flowing from the surface, everywhere penetrates them.

We thus see how it is that the slow and gradual

downward march of the glacier to the valley is to be accounted for. The inclination of the sloping sides of the mountain, the smoothness or ruggedness of the surface of the rock, the thickness and consequent weight of the ice, and the varying range of atmospheric temperature in different positions and throughout the year, are all conditions influencing the glacier-motion: the range of temperature, moreover, throughout the mass of the glacier, must be but small; but, small as it is, it is sufficient to communicate motion to these huge masses, and this motion once set up, placed as they are on the mountain side, must, in obedience to the law of gravitation, be constantly downwards; and thus we see the causes of the slow majestic flowings of these seas of ice, varying as they do from 20,000 to 40,000 feet in length, down the mountain sides into the valley, at rates varying according to the conditions under which they are set in motion, but amounting, during the summer months, from one to two feet daily—when, as might be anticipated from the foregoing statements, the glaciers move at their greatest speed.

ASTRONOMY.

GREENWICH OBSERVATORY.—The annual visitation of this establishment took place on the 2nd inst., when the Astronomer Royal presented the usual report of the proceedings of the past year. Among the points noticed, we are glad to find that the new voltaic apparatus for the register of transits has proved so successful, that, excepting in very damp weather, very few observations have been lost. The time-signal balls, which we may see both at Greenwich and Charing-cross, are at present dropped by a magneto-galvanic apparatus; this arrangement it is proposed to modify, so as to guard against the risk of permanent magnetism, which would vitiate the signals; this alteration can be easily effected by causing the apparatus to alternately reverse the poles of the battery at every signal. The report of the working of the new signal-ball at Deal is satisfactory.

The special province of astronomical observation is still cultivated with unwearied assiduity. Each star, in the standard list of stars, if, possible, passed in review triennially twenty times—whilst meridional lunar observations are constantly taken, and, together with solar and planetary meridional observations, are noted at every opportunity; these observations amounting, including all kinds, during the year over which the report extends, to 4565.

The experiments undertaken at the Haeton Colliery for the determination of the weight of the Earth, by ascertaining the variation of Gravity at great depths, were reviewed; but, as it is our intention to notice this important subject at length, we pass on to the announcement of the determination of the difference of Longitude between the Greenwich and Paris Observatories. Every effort was made in the adjustment of the instruments on both sides the Channel to procure correct results, and nearly two thousand signals were made; the result of which, upon the accuracy of which the reporters speak with confidence, makes the difference of longitude to be $9^\circ 20' 63''$, being nearly one second less than that determined by Herschel and Sabine by means of rockets in the year 1825.

Satisfactory as the report is with respect to the Astronomical observations, we cannot participate in the somewhat hasty regret expressed by the Astronomer Royal, that we are unable at once to apply the seemingly equally satisfactory and trustworthy magnetic and meteorological observations. Sound knowledge is of slow growth, and it is not well to expect such progress in the theories of the young sciences of Terrestrial Magnetism and Meteorology as to enable us to reduce to their proper value and full significance

the numerous observations, which are characterised as having been obtained with the "utmost completeness and exactitude." We feel very certain that, if Mr. Glaisher's photographic registrations be assiduously continued and carefully preserved, the time will come when these systematic magnetic and meteorological observations will be of the highest value; and that, if he will but persevere in this faith, he shall not lose the reward of posthumous fame in addition to present celebrity.

It is pleasant to find the dead forgotten by their living successors. Halley's tomb, in Lee churchyard, was found by Professor Airey in a ruinous state; at his earnest representation the Admiralty granted the requisite funds to effect a complete restoration of the tomb of this able and zealous astronomer.

CHEMICAL PHYSICS.

THE CATALYTIC ACTION OF VARIOUS METALLIC OXIDES.—The term *Catalysis*, applied by Berzelius to denote the change effected in one body by the contact of a second, which latter suffers no change, has now long been adopted by chemists, either in a wider or more restricted sense; some extending it to a vast number of phenomena, in which chemical change is induced in one substance by the presence of another, but without mutual interchange of elements, and wherein both substances are really decomposed; whilst others restrict its meaning to a much narrower range, and confine catalysis to express that action which one body exercises over another productive of chemical change by mere contact or presence, the first body always remaining itself unaltered; the various and other fermentations are examples of Catalysis in its extended sense; the conversion of Alcohol into Acetic Acid through the intervention of Platinum is an instance of catalysis in its most rigid interpretation.

That the force known by this term exercises a vast influence on the chemical changes all organic bodies pass through under ordinary conditions is very certain; so that any experiments tending to elucidate the phenomena of catalysis are welcome to us—a feeling which induces us to notice some experiments on the Metallic and other oxides in relation to Catalytic Phenomena, laid before the Royal Society by the Rev. J. Eyrre Ashby.

This gentleman affixes a special meaning to the word: "By catalysis I understand the operation of one body upon another under favourable circumstances, whereby the second body is resolved into new chemical combinations; whilst the first, whatever may happen during the process, finally remains unchanged." He then details the particular action each one of some fifteen different metallic oxides, used as catalysers, separately exercised on the vapours of pyroxylic spirit (wood naphtha) and alcohol. These experiments lead to the belief that the sesquioxides of the metals ($2R + 3O$) possess the strongest catalytic power. Of these the sesquioxide of iron, commonly called peroxide of iron, which exists abundantly in nature, manifests both a powerful and persistent catalytic action, when warmed and exposed to the spirituous vapours; and the various phenomena observed with respect to this oxide by Mr. Ashby leads him to regard the catalytic phenomena in this instance as being effected through, and accompanied by, continual conversion of the sesquioxide of iron ($2Fe + 3O$) into the magnetic oxide ($3Fe + 4O$) by means of the deoxidising vapours—this conversion being instantly followed by its reconversion into the sesquioxide by the atmospheric oxygen; so that, during its catalytic action, the oxide of iron is constantly oscillating in composition—now being $2Fe + 3O$, then $3Fe + 4O$, back again to the sesquioxide, and so on in alternation. Thus in this case it is not a mere action of presence, but an alternate reduction and oxidation of the sesquioxide.

This observation, borne out as it is by experimental details, is of importance, as affecting the whole question of catalytic phenomena, and makes it evident that, even in the most rigid kind of catalysis—that of the acetification of alcohol by platinum—one of two phenomena must take place: either a change of the molecular and physical constitution both of the alcoholic vapour and of the atmospheric oxygen occurs; or the platinum itself undergoes chemical change, although so rapidly, and unaccompanied by evident external manifestation, that its continual chemical oscillation cannot be detected; in which latter case Catalysis, according to its most rigid definition, is a term without meaning, or rather is a term denoting phenomena referable to chemical affinity.

HERMES.

THE FORTNIGHT.

Some curious information was given in a paper lately read by Mr. Simmonds, at the Society of Arts, on the employment and manufacture of various substances brought into use through science and mechanical skill. Caoutchouc was made a substitute for horn, ivory, and tortoise-shell, for combs, with less liability of breakage. Human teeth were now manufactured by Americans from ground quartz pressed into moulds, coloured and burnt to harden them. One firm alone in New York turned out 3000 a day. Other animal oils were found to possess medicinal properties almost equivalent to that made from the cod's liver, such as neatfoot, that obtained from the soft solid fat found between the parchment and

leather skins of animals, and also from a kind of fish abounding on the Malabar coast. The number of leeches used in this country was enormous; three or four firms in London alone annually importing continued and carefully preserved, the time will come when these systematic magnetic and meteorological observations will be of the highest value; and that, if he will but persevere in this faith, he shall not lose the reward of posthumous fame in addition to present celebrity.

The increase in the supply of water required for common use as well as for sanitary purposes has lately brought forward more prominently in this country the use of boring machinery. The French have excelled in the science of earth-boring. Some valuable improvements have lately been made by Messrs. Mather and Platt, introducing modifications of the boring head and shell pump, so that the process may now be carried on with rapidity. For instance, the work which at Highgate has taken two years could have been done in thirty days. At Warwick, twenty days would now be sufficient for that which, under the old system, had taken thirteen months. And at Saltaire, twenty-nine days would have wrought work hitherto taking two years. The machine of Messrs. Mather and Platt bores at the rate of twenty-one inches per hour, or six vertical feet a day of ten working hours, whereas under the old system, as at Highgate, not more than six inches a week was done, working day and night. As the supply of water to the army in the Crimea is a subject of great anxiety to the Government at this moment, among other plans suggested that of boring for it ought not to be forgotten.

Some idea of the magnitude of British exports may be formed from facts stated in the June number of the *Statistical Journal*. From 1840 to 1853 the aggregate amount exceeded the whole National Debt by nearly 100,000,000; the declared value of British and Irish exports having been 877,299,124*l.*, while during the same period the highest amount of the National Debt was only 791,809,398*l.* in 1848. In 1853, the exports amounted to nearly a hundred millions sterling, the amount having increased in 14 years about 93 per cent. These exports were distributed to foreign countries and British possessions in the proportion of 66 to 34 per cent. respectively. The bulk of the foreign export was principally to Europe and North and South America. Of the exports to British possessions the East Indies took the largest portion until 1853, when the Australian exceeded the Indian exports. To show the effect of free trade, in 1832 the total value of exports was 36,450,594*l.*; in 1853 the amount was 98,933,781*l.*: the most rapid advance having been made since 1848. The effect of the gold discoveries in the United States and Australia has been to stimulate trade. The exports in the four years from 1850 to 1853, to the United States, had been increased to the extent of 14,500,000*l.* by gold. With respect to Australia, in 1852 and 1853, the only years influenced by gold, the exports had risen 11,500,000*l.* So that, during four years, the gold discoveries had already stimulated trade to the extent of 26,000,000*l.*

The present war, as may be readily imagined, has been the cause of a very prolific development of destructive implements. Devastators, hot blasts, and various insinuating plans, have been proposed for the speedy annihilation of the enemy. The French have been trying a coupled cannon, which, with a single breach and touch-hole, fires two shots at the same time. The Austrians have been experimenting largely on modifications of gun-cotton; for what purpose is a question fairly to be asked, as they do not mean to fight. A new self breech loading and priming carbine is to be supplied to our cavalry. The advantages are stated to be, imperviousness to damp, a range from 150 to 700 yards, it caps itself, may easily be loaded on horseback, and can be fired ten times a minute—a very pleasing catalogue of destructive peculiarities. Dr. Gladstone has lately read a paper "on gunpowder and its substitutes," at the Royal Institution, to answer questions which had been frequently proposed to him, to this effect: "Cannot you invent something better, more powerful, some infernal machine or other, instead of still using such an antiquated compound as gunpowder?" After experimenting on various proposed substances, the Doctor came to the conclusion that nothing had been invented of which it could be said that it might be altogether used to supersede gunpowder. Some compounds were more powerful in their operation, but there were generally great disadvantages found attending their use. At all events, two improvements had been lately made in the art of war. One is the making shells which shall burst upon striking—there was no chemical difficulty in this; the other was the charging of shells with substances which shall give forth quantities of poisonous gases. In the meantime Professor Wheatstone has been authorised by Government to conduct experiments, in order to see in what way electricity and optics can be turned to account for destructive purposes.

Two gigantic schemes have been put forward for improving the Metropolitan communications,—the Metropolitan railway projection, and Sir Joseph Paxton's portentous plan, lately propounded to a "Commons' Committee." In comparison with the last, the first sinks in the scale of magnitude, although

in itself a great undertaking, and for which a Bill has been already obtained. It is proposed to make a railway from the Edgeware-road, in connection with the Great Western, to King's Cross, and from thence to the Post-office; a great portion of it to be under ground. To be extended to the Eastern Counties Railway, and also with the great railways on the south bank of the Thames. The extension to the Eastern Counties to be entirely underground. All the Metropolitan railways will thus be connected. The estimated cost of the original railway, from the Great Western to the Post-office, is 1,200,000*l.*, and the contemplated extensions will be completed for 2,500,000*l.* Further extensions are also in view to accommodate Kensington, Hammersmith, and Battersea. Sir Joseph Paxton's plan embraces an arcade 180 feet in height and 72 feet wide, commencing at the Royal Exchange, and crossing the river between Southwark and Blackfriars Bridges, to connect itself with the London Bridge railways, and then take a westerly direction, recrossing the river from Lambeth to the new Houses of Parliament, and from thence to the Great Western, North Western, and Great Northern lines, returning to the Royal Exchange. The whole length is 10 miles, 2 furlongs. A railway is to be constructed on either side of the arcade, parallel, but at an elevation outside. A bridge is also to be thrown across the river to the Strand. The cost of the entire work to be only 34 millions sterling. The projector considers that, as a speculation, such a work will prove a source of considerable remuneration and profit when completed.

A new principle has been introduced in the construction of iron vessels and steam-engines by Mr. Bertram, foreman of the Government factory at Woolwich; the object being to obviate the loss of strength and material necessarily involved in the present system of riveting, which destroyed the strength to the extent of from 25 to 50 per cent. for double or single riveting. The principle is simply to fuse the edges of the plates together. A new fact of importance will thus be introduced in this branch of iron manufacture. Messrs. Abbott and Holland claim a new invention "for preventing vessels sinking at sea, and of raising sunken vessels," by means of air-tight bags. The only novelty in the plan would be a successful result.

Marble has been discovered in Vermont and Connecticut which is said to rival in texture and whiteness the far-famed Parian marble. A discovery has been made in Banffshire of beautiful pellucid stones resembling the cairngorms, and which have the property of cutting glass; and in making a cutting through the Malvern Hills, for the extension of the railway to Hereford, a bed of graphite was brought to light, a mineral strongly resembling if not identical with the plumbago of Cumberland.

It has been determined to extend the Telegraph system throughout India from Calcutta to Agra, Bombay, Peshawar, and Madras. A line of telegraph has already been constructed from Calcutta to Kedgeree, crossing the River Hooghly above Diamond Harbour, the width there being 6200 feet. The plan adopted by Dr. O'Shaughnessy differs materially from that in use in England and America. Instead of wire, an iron rod $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch in diameter, and weighing at the rate of a ton per mile, was the conducting medium. The mass of metal gave a free passage to the electric current excited by miniature batteries of twelve cells of platinum wires and zinc. No insulation is required, and consequently no employment of glass, porcelain, or other non-conductors. The most simple instruments were necessary for India, as they were apt to be deranged by the enormous electric excitement of the atmosphere, and there was great difficulty in repairing in the rural districts. A reward of 20,000 rupees was conferred to Dr. O'Shaughnessy for the successful issue.

MEETINGS OF SCIENTIFIC SOCIETIES.

- June 15. Royal Institution. 8½ p.m.—Col. Rawlinson, "On the Results of Excavations in Assyria and Babylonia."
 16. Royal Asiatic. 2 p.m.
 16. Royal Botanic. 3½ p.m.
 18. Architects. 8 p.m.
 18. Chemical. 8 p.m.
 18. Statistical. 8 p.m.—W. B. Hodge, Esq., "On the Mortality of Naval Operations."
 19. Linnean. 8 p.m.
 19. Horticultural. 8 p.m.
 20. Geological. 8 p.m.
 21. Royal Society. 8½ p.m.
 21. Antiquaries. 8 p.m.
 22. Philological. 8 p.m.
 25. Royal Geographical. 8½ p.m.
 25. Actuaries. 7 p.m.
 26. Medical and Chirurgical. 8½ p.m.
 26. Zoological. 9 p.m.
 27. Royal Society of Literature. 8½ p.m.
 28. Numismatic. 7 p.m.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL SCIENCE.

MONTHLY SUMMARY.

UNDER the title of a *Voyage paléographique dans le Département de l'Aube*, M. d'Arbois de Jubainville gives a report upon the contents of two hundred and thirty-three dépôts of the Communal Archives of the

Department of the Aube, upon which he has been occupied for the last two years; and among the mass of worthless papers he has found a few documents of considerable interest. At the Mairie of Villenauxe he discovered the chartulary and the titles of the Abbey of Neale, which for a long time have been believed to be irretrievably lost. The earliest original document which these archives contain is of the thirteenth century; but the chartulary has preserved the text of much more ancient documents, among which is a diploma of the Emperor Lothaire, which M. de Jubainville gives at length. The archives of Chaource afford a very curious history of the changes which have gradually taken place during seven or eight centuries in the condition of the inhabitants of this little town. The communal archives of Troyes contain documents which throw a new light upon the general history of France in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, *inter alia* upon several passages in the Hundred Years' War, and the sending of hostages to England as part of the conditions of the liberation of King John, the prisoner of our Black Prince at the battle of Poitiers.

At the séance of the archaeological section of the Comité de la Langue, de l'Histoire, et des Arts de la France, of Nov. 27 and Dec. 29, M. de Baecker presented a transcript of a Flemish chronicle, extending from 1318 to 1350, by Nicholas Clerk, secretary to the town of Antwerp, which tends to show that we must carry back to the beginning of the fourteenth century the invention of printing, or of the press applied to the production of transcripts. M. Charma transmitted, in the name of the Society of Antiquaries of Normandy, a note upon the excavations at Vieux. These excavations have shown that the large building whose existence had been discovered there was originally a theatre, which had subsequently been transformed into a kind of amphitheatre. M. Charma promised a detailed notice, and a plan of the building. M. Lenoir read a report upon the discovery which had been made by M. le Docteur Henszmann of the law which exists in the proportions of all the parts of the religious edifices erected in the Middle Ages—on which subject, our readers will remember, several theories have been propounded by our own students of ecclesiastical architecture.

M. de Nieuwerkerke announced the results obtained in 1854, by the prosecution of the excavations undertaken at Nizy-le-Comte. The most important discovery is that of a vast private dwelling (villa), surrounded by walls, provided with interior porticoes, and whose plan can be traced by the foundations which have been brought to light. The arrangement is the same as in the houses of Herculaneum and Pompeii, but on a larger scale, for the shorter side of the grand parallelogram of the building is 53 metres long. The portico, which opens upon an interior court, is entirely painted, and it is thence that the frescoes have been derived, of which M. Fleury has previously sent sketches.

M. Albert Lenoir presented another sheet of his plan of ancient Paris, which we have formerly noticed, in which the streets, monuments, churches, monasteries, hotels, and the very houses of ancient Paris are laid down; the houses with their names and signs, which then served the purpose of our modern numbers. It is by dint of persevering and active research in the public and private archives M. Albert Lenoir has been able to recover nearly all these so curious details; he has recovered, not only the position of a great number of the buildings, but their dimensions, their façades, their length and depth. When his plan is completed it will be a very scientific and valuable work, giving a complete view of the grand ancient capital which has given place to a capital still more grand and beautiful. The same thing might be accomplished, at least partially, for our own capital; and with great success, and valuable results, for many of our ancient cities. We commend the idea to the notice of our provincial antiquarian societies.

M. le Marquis de Godefroy Menelglaise has just published a new edition of Lambert, *Curé of Ardre's Chronicle of Guines and Ardre*—one of the provincial French chronicles written at the beginning of the thirteenth century, which contains many details very valuable to the student of the medieval manners, arts, and literature. Much may be learnt, for example, of the condition of the people. So early as at the beginning of the twelfth century, in the county of Guines, serfage was already considerably softened; we find that the serfs of the Seigneurs of Hames were called *colée kerli*, that is, mace-bearers, who carried no other arms than maces, and who paid to their Seigneur a denier per year and four deniers when he married or died. These conditions appear sufficiently gentle to us; but Emma de Tancarville, Countess of Guines, was nevertheless ashamed of the condition of the *colée kerli*, and induced her husband to redeem them from servitude by paying a large indemnity to the Seigneurs of Hames. At the same period we find, however, the state of the vassals very different under other Lords. Lambert records an anecdote of Gertrude d'Alost, that on one occasion, when she wished to stock a sheepfold, the officers whom she had ordered to demand lambs from the people on her lands, entered the cabin of a poor woman who was bewailing that she had nothing wherewith to satisfy the hunger of her seven children. To the demand of a lamb she replied that she had

neither beast nor lamb, there was nothing to take but one of her children. Gertrude took her at her word; she chose one of her daughters, brought her up, and married her, and reduced her and her children to serfage. Lambert has carefully described the buildings which the Counts of Guines and the Seigneurs of Ardre erected during the course of the eleventh and twelfth centuries; a chapter is devoted to the Castle of Journehem, another to the Castle of Ardre, another to the fortifications of the same place, another to the road opened between Douai and the hamlet of Planques—chapters well worth the attention of the student of ancient domestic architecture. The *Curé* shows his liberality of mind by the notice of many points of interest which were not usually appreciated in his times; e. g., he records the discovery of Roman remains at Selseuse, consisting of tiles and red pottery, and fragments of small glass vases, at the same place the ploughshare encountered the solid stone-work of a Roman road. The *Curé* was much more conversant with the profane literature of his day than was usual with his cloth; he scatters his classical quotations and allusions with a liberal hand; and he was quite *au courant* with the literature of his day. He gives us interesting information about the library of Baldwin, Count of Guines, and the translations which he caused to be made; he introduces us to the hall of the Castle of Ardre, where we find Robert of Coutances, who excelled in relating the adventures of the Roman Emperors, of Charlemagne, of Roland, of Oliver, and of Arthur; Philip de Montgardin, who celebrated foreign exploits; Walter de Cluse, who recited English fabliaux, the romances of Gormond, of Isembart, of Tristan, of Isent, of Merlin, and of Marcoul, as well as the Gestes of his Lords the Seigneurs of Ardre. In chapter 130, after having recounted the part which Arnold le Vieux took in the first Crusade, the author explains the reason why this hero's name does not appear in the *Chanson d'Antioche*; according to him, the minstrel, who in this *chanson* has mingled falsehood with truth, and has suffered so many glorious deeds to fall into oblivion, kept a culpable silence about the said Arnold, in order to punish him for having refused to give him a pair of scarlet hose!

Mr. Edouard Fleury has just published a valuable work on the Medieval Tile pavements of the department of the Aisne (*Etude sur le Pavage émaillé dans le Département de l'Aisne*. Paris: Didron), which is embellished with 200 drawings. Yellow, red, and green are the only colours which are commonly met with upon the tiles of Hainault and of the Laonnais; the presence of white, of blue, or of black upon some examples of great rarity, is (says M. E. Fleury) the indication of foreign importation. The designs of the decoration are, as usual in tiles, borrowed from architectural details or from heraldry. M. Fleury attributes some of the examples of ornamental pavement which he adduces to so early a period as the middle of the twelfth century; it is, indeed, said in our English text-books that tile-pavements were known in Normandy in the twelfth century; but we never saw the assertion established by evidence. Certainly we have nothing so early in England; and we know that it has been the custom of many of the French and German antiquarians, until very recently, to assign to their antiquities of about this period an earlier date than the English antiquaries are willing to allow them.

The *Crepuscolo* of Milan gives an account of a new and very important work which is being issued in numbers, under the title of *Le Case e i Monumenti di Pompei disegnati e descritti* ("The Houses and Monuments of Pompeii—delineated and described"). The design of this grand work is to make known, in all their details, all the edifices, both public and private, which have been, or shall be discovered, and all the other relics of ancient art which the excavations at Pompeii have brought to light. The work will be of large folio size, and illustrated with all the resources of modern art. If it be carried out according to the example of the two parts already published, it will be a very superb work; and, from the large scale and great profusion of the illustrations, and the completeness and impartiality with which all the circumstances of discovery are given, it will be of very great value to the classical antiquary.

POPULAR MEDICINE.

THE NEWS AND GOSSIP OF THE MEDICAL WORLD.

I. NEW BOOKS.

THE season has opened with its full complement of new works on medicine and the medical sciences. Dr. CONOLLY, President of the Ethnological Society, has published, at the request of the members, an interesting lecture *On the Ethnological Exhibitions of London*. He introduces his subject with the observation that "there is scarcely a year in which, among the miscellaneous attractions of a London season, we do not find some exhibition illustrative of the varieties of mankind. But some of these are unsatisfactory, some deceptive, and nearly all unprofitable, because not rendered instructive, to the public." And it is evidently the author's endeavour and design in this lecture to supply this lack of instruction, so far as the materials will admit, and to offer suggestions

for further investigations. The lecture contains a very full and philosophical account of the *Astece*, *Earthmen*, and other groups of natives of the uncivilised world, which have been exhibited in London for the last six or seven years. The special direction of Dr. Conolly's medical studies must highly qualify him for investigating the physical character and history of these singular beings. The lecture has also a moral charm, derivable from that tone of unaffected philanthropy which seems to be inseparable from the thoughts and feelings of this elegant writer. The pamphlet will probably become extremely popular. We regret that our space will not allow a more lengthened notice.

MR. ROBERT BRUDENELL CARTER has just produced a popular work *On the Influence of Education and Training in Preventing Diseases of the Nervous System*. (Churchill.) The first part is devoted to a view of the nervous system, anatomical, physiological, and pathological; with a chapter on phrenology and mesmerism. The second part is a treatise on physical education, showing the effects of ill health on the nervous system, and detailing some excellent rules for the preservation of health in infancy and childhood. The third part is an essay on "Moral Education." The author has undertaken a profoundly difficult task, and, upon the whole, its execution does credit both to his head and to his heart. That portion of the work which relates to the philosophy of mind and the reciprocal action of body and mind upon each other is full of interest; but there is an obscurity thrown over it by a somewhat novel use of such terms as *will*, *emotion*, *force*, &c., &c., which will render the work somewhat perplexing to those readers who will not take the pains to study the author's vocabulary. We are not sure that we have a right to complain of this. Many of the signs used in connection with these subjects have a popular, a physical, and a metaphysical signification, all different from each other; and perhaps there is no standard by which to test their propriety and significance. Still we do think that some portions of the work might have been presented in greater clearness, and others seem to have been composed without due reflection and observation. These remarks apply especially to the second chapter on "nervous force, instinctive and volitional," in which the author draws a distinction between "instinctive force" and "volitional force." "Volitional force," he says, "is peculiar to mankind." This certainly is a grave error. Many of the actions of animals are as clearly the effect of volition as those of man. And even instinctive actions partake of the nature of volition, and in this respect they are distinguishable from the actions which take place in certain plants, which are neither instinctive nor volitional. Moreover, all the instincts of man may be proved to depend upon volition, inasmuch as, the motive being present, they can be interrupted by the influence of the will. We can refuse to swallow, to wink, and to do many other things which we do by instinct alone; and the brutes have doubtless the same power. Animals can be taught to caress other animals which are either their natural prey or their natural enemies. Indeed, it may be said that sensation and volition are both essential to an instinctive act; the motive as well as the propensity is provided by the Creator in each case. But we must not pursue the subject. There is enough in the book to justify our commending it to the perusal of all who are interested, practically or theoretically, in the study of human nature.

Dr. HEADLAND has just issued a new edition of his valuable work *On the Action of Medicines on the System*, with such additions "as seemed to be necessitated by the rapid advance of therapeutic science." Before the first edition had been even noticed by any of the medical journals, it had been fully reviewed in the pages of THE CRITIC; and we rejoice to find that the favourable opinion we then expressed has been echoed and re-echoed in all the respectable journals, and that a new edition has been so soon called for. Every medical student must sooner or later become possessed of this work, if he wishes to be well up in modern medical science.

The work of Dr. LAWRENCE *On Gout and Rheumatism, and the Curative Effects of Galvanism*, is evidently intended for popular use, and is, in some degree, unguardedly disrespectful to the profession. We are not disposed to admit that galvanism, as a remedy for these and other diseases, has received neglect at the hands of the profession, nor are we yet at all satisfied that its value is not over-rated in this volume. The work, however, is well written, and we should be rejoiced to hear that, upon further trial, a remedy has been found for a class of diseases which are very common, and which are too generally found in a great degree intractable under medical treatment.

Dr. Winslow's *Journal of Psychological Medicine and Mental Pathology*, for April, fully sustains the high character of this periodical. Among other valuable articles is a treatise on "Oinomania; or the Mental Pathology of Intemperance"—a subject not more important as an object of purely medical study, than interesting to the general reader. What, for instance, can present a more significant monition on the dreadful incubus of intemperate habits, than the following extract from the testimony laid before the Parliamentary Committee by Mr. William Collins, Vice-President of a Scottish Temperance Society.

He stated, as "a well-established fact," that the drunken appetite, when once formed, never becomes completely extinct, but adheres to a man through life. "If he abstains entirely from spirits, the appetite will not annoy him; its insatiable cravings, and the uneasy sensations of the nervous system, will cease; but if, after ten years' abstinence, he takes a glass of spirits, his appetite, like tinder, will ignite with the first touch, and flame out again."

II. EPIDEMICS AND THE PUBLIC HEALTH.

The Epidemiological Society, whose highly important but gratuitous and unrequited labours have been made use of by Parliament, have circulated a manuscript (printed in some of the periodicals) which is a disgrace, not to the society (far from it), but to the nation and to the Government. It purports that this society was formed a few years ago for investigating the nature and causes of epidemics, with a view to their prevention or cure; that the members subscribe an annual guinea, which constitutes the funds; that a library has been set on foot, papers are read and discussed at the monthly meetings; that committees are formed for investigating special epidemics; inquiries issued on a large scale, involving great expense in printing and postage; that the Vaccination Committee has collected an immense body of facts, of which Parliament has made ample use; that the operations of other committees of equal importance, as the Cholera Committee, the Continued-fevers Committee, &c., are actually doing nothing for want of funds; that application has been made to Government for the grant of a small sum to meet their expenses, but without success; and now (to sum up the whole in few words) that the society cannot work (without funds), and to beg it is ashamed. The document then invites the laity to become members, in order that a few more annual guineas may be placed at the disposal of the council. Now, really, this is too bad. These philanthropists have not the slightest advantage, directly or indirectly, arising from their labours; the secretaries are all honorary; the two general secretaries, the foreign secretary, the secretaries of the various committees—all these have been hard at work for five or six years without one farthing of remuneration, and without even asking for it or expecting it. All they have asked for is a grant from Government of two or three hundred pounds for printing, posting, and distributing their inquiries; and this paltry sum was refused!—refused by the very Government who have squandered millions—yes, millions, of the public money in pretending to provide for the wants of the perishing thousands in the Crimea, whereas the real provision has come forth from the purses of the charitable. As in this case the public have voluntarily come forward with the means of supplying the army with necessities, instructing the commissariat what to do, or rather doing it for them—so the Epidemiological Society have long found the means and done the work of the Board of Health. The President of the Society, Dr. Babington, has accordingly been elected as a member of the Board, and the new Vaccination Bill is to be framed on the instructions of the Vaccination Committee. In this case, as in that of the war, money has been squandered with iniquitous and unsparing profusion upon the incompetent and the negligent; and those who have voluntarily stepped into the gap, and saved the miserable remnant of the army in the one case, and in the other delivered hundreds of thousands from a fatal disease—these have been rewarded with sneers and abuse in the former case, and in the latter with no further acknowledgment of their services than making use of their information when it became absolutely essential as the means of legislation. When Lord Lyttelton first undertook (no doubt from excellent motives) to legislate for the vaccination of the nation, he was so ignorant as not to know that the Epidemiological Society existed; and it was not until a deputation from the society waited upon his Lordship with the view of staying his rash hand, that he became acquainted with the difficulties of the subject. Had he taken the advice of the society fully on that occasion, there would have been no necessity for framing another Bill; for this Act has failed in all the very details pointed out by the Vaccination Committee as objectionable or deficient.

III. MEDICAL CHIT-CHAT, &c.

Medical Reform.—In no European country, except the British dominions, is any man allowed to prescribe for the sick or wounded, or to practise medicine or surgery, until his knowledge and qualifications have been inquired into and legally attested. But this, and probably always will be, too violent an infringement of the liberty of the subject to receive the approval of Mr. John Bull. Accordingly, more than half the medical practitioners of this country are chemists and druggists who have received no medical education, and of the remaining half a large majority are quacks and impostors more ignorant still. It is commonly believed that the "Apothecaries Act" of 1815 was intended to put a stop to the practice of unqualified men; and because we occasionally hear of an illegal practitioner being fined under the Act, we naturally conclude that we are protected by it. No such thing. The Apothecaries' Act has had the beneficial effect of raising the standard of medical education among the qualified, but it does not take effect on the vendor of drugs or the quack. The former is unaffected by the Act, as a privileged person

allowed to do as he did before the Act was passed; the latter does not "practise" medicine, only sells it, and so evades the Act and escapes its penalties. Physicians are supposed to be learned men if they can write a Latin prescription, and surgeons to be skilful if they can reduce a dislocation or extract a tooth. The handwriting of the one and the operations of the other are patent to the public. So for these two classes there are no restrictive Acts. The apothecary neither writes nor operates; he only supplies medicine for the patient, and thus administers without giving palpable evidence of his learning or skill. For proof of his efficiency therefore, the law steps in and (seemingly only, as we have shown) provides.

The reform required for the safety and protection of the public would consist of a licensing board of examiners, who should certify to the attainments and fitness for practice of every man presuming to undertake in any way the cure of the sick, lame, or wounded, and a stringent penal provision for the suppression of all unlicensed practitioners.

The reform required for the safety and protection of the profession is quite another thing. Those qualified practitioners who think they would be benefited by an exclusive permission to practise, founded upon attested attainments, would gain no monopoly. The chemist or even the quack would turn student, and present himself for examination, and the gentlemanly members of the profession would then find themselves candidates for practice in common with learned tradesmen and qualified but unprincipled quacks. On the Continent this is prevented by other regulations, which would never be adopted here. There is another species of reform which the profession is ever seeking, consisting of collegiate changes; but, as the governors and members of each college, and the licentiates of the "hall," have each their own views and objects, as opposed to the rest, it is plain they will never agree; and the wisest thing they can do is to bear patiently their real or fancied wrongs—to pursue the things that lead to honour and to wealth—to give themselves to science and to study and to practice—and to leave the subject of Medical Reform, where it was forty years ago, in *nubibus*.

ART AND ARTISTS.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.—ANCIENT MASTERS.

The selection of Ancient Masters on view at the British Institution, though not one of the best we have seen, comprises several pictures of remarkable merit and interest. The noblest piece in the rooms is Leonardo da Vinci's cartoon of "The Virgin and Child, St. Elizabeth and St. John," the property of the Royal Academy, a truly magnificent work, though but a sketch. "The Meeting of David and Abigail" (1), by Guido, has some of that master's finest characteristics, though rather cold in colour. The figure of Abigail is wonderfully beautiful; and David seems a portrait from nature. The whole painting has a statuesque effect; it seems to hold a middle place between painting and statuary, or, perhaps, gives some notion of the effect of statuary ideally coloured.

There are several fine portraits by Velasquez; and a landscape (46) is attributed to him. Perhaps his most characteristic work is the "Infante, Son of Philip IV., at the Manège," the property of Mr. Rogers. "The Children of Rubens" (19), by Rubens himself, though it wants the usual rich glow of colour which distinguishes that painter's works, is a very characteristic piece. The dog whom the children are caressing is a masterpiece. The whole picture is eminently sweet and graceful in expression. The "Lady with a Dog" (58), attributed to Jordaens, is an imitation of Rubens; while the "Old Woman and Boy by Candlelight" (49), attributed to Rubens, has all the coarse glare of Jordaens, whose we suspect it to be. "The Flight into Egypt" (25) is attributed to Jan Schorel, a painter whose works are of the utmost rarity; of whom, indeed, it has lately been affirmed that upon strict investigation "no authentic picture by him has hitherto been discovered." The present work exhibits a mixture of the extreme rudeness of Gothicism in the landscape and subordinate objects with considerable grace and beauty in the figures and faces. The child has little of the awkwardness of the old Flemish types; the mother's face conforms to modern notions of the beautiful. The figure of Joseph is effective, although the stumbling gait of old age is a little exaggerated. The picture in its features agrees with what we are told of the works of Schorel, who studied in Italy and is said to have rivalled the grace of Raphael in expression, so much so as to excite the envy of Albert Durer.

The "Sonno di Venere" (51), by Annibale Carracci, the property of the Duke d'Aumale, representing a sleeping Venus surrounded by Cupids, is a fine specimen of the master's style, though the class of subject be one in which the present age does not take a lively interest. A portrait of Tintoretto, by himself (26), painted on black marble, is very powerful and masterly. There are numerous specimens of Murillo, including his own portrait (53). "The Virgin and Child" (57), by Sasso Ferrato, is very sweet and natural in expression. This painter's works never rise to the higher region of divine beauty, like those

of the earlier great masters, but they have a charm of their own. A Flower picture (58), by Rachel Ruysch, said to have been the greatest of all the Dutch flower painters, though time has probably robbed it of some of its charms, still displays wonderful refinement and delicacy of touch, and a happy feeling of the beauty of floral colours.

"Joseph's Garment brought to Jacob" (95) is in Rembrandt's grand-vulgar manner, full of rude energy. Jacob looks like an old drunken beggar. The blood-stained garment is a horrible piece of hospital reality. The greatness lies in the unflinching truth of representation. There are two marvellous bits of David Teniers, "The Corps de Garde" and "Backgammon Players," in his greyest grey style.—In the south room is one of Turner's capital early works, "Conway Castle" (161), wonderfully full of matter. The variety of colours, lights, shadows, objects, distances, seems inexhaustible; yet, looked nearly at, it seems painted at haphazard. By way of contrast a rapid empty piece of Paul Panini, representing a festival at Rome in honour of Prince Charles Edward, has been placed beside it. Sir A. W. Callcott's "View near Bruges" appears to us decidedly teaboardy as to the foreground, but the distance to the right is beautifully painted. A number of Zoffany's works have been got together, which are more curiosities than anything else; the portrait of Andrew Drummond, however, is characteristic and humorous. Among the few foreign works in this room is a very capital little "Musical Conversation" (113), by Netscher. Here is also Wilkie's "Rabbit on the Wall," one of his best sketches of cottage life. The picture of the "Committee of the House of Commons examining the Warden of the Fleet Prison on a charge of cruelty to a prisoner" (148), by Hogarth, does not do much honour to our great national painter. Most of the committee are awkwardly turned, to show their faces to the spectator. The Warden is evidently a caricature. There are portraits by Reynolds, Gainsborough, Jackson, Romney, and Sir T. Lawrence, and, better than all, two outlines by Vandyke of the Princess Elizabeth and Henry Duke of Gloucester (135).

THE CHALON EXHIBITION.

A collection of the works of the late J. J. Chalon, R.A., with a selection from those of Mr. A. E. Chalon, R.A., is exhibited at the rooms of the Society of Arts. The works of these two Academicians are of less importance than those of Etty and Mulready, of which collections have been exhibited in the same locality; they bear less upon the history of British Art during the last half century. The pictures of Mr. J. J. Chalon, however, carry us back nearly fifty years, to the time when Wilkie and Turner were beginning to revolutionise the then existing schools of painting. The earliest is a copy from a picture by Claude, which afterwards perished by an accident at Mr. Angerstein's. "Macbeth and Banquo's first sight of the Weird Sisters" is an ambitious landscape; imitative, perhaps, of Rosa or Poussin. The artist soon struck out a more original style; and, looking at nature with his own eyes, produced a series of excellent landscapes, of which one of the best is the view of "Great Marlow from a gravel pit" (82). Subsequently his execution became less neat, his colour less cool and clear, and the landscapes of his later years are by no means equal to the first. There are a good many water-colour landscapes in the old dry style, but with merit as compositions.

Mr. A. E. Chalon is great in miniature, and his likenesses of Lady Blessington, Madame Vestris, and some of the beauties of thirty years since, will be looked at with interest. In "La Vergine col Bambino" (86) there is much sweetness of expression. "The lady who cannot go comfortably to sleep until she is convinced that her lover is on the rack," is principally remarkable for the candle-light effect. "An imaginary marriage of two living dwarfs" (71), a composition of portraits painted for the late Marquis of Lansdowne, is a grotesque imagination, of which we do not much admire the taste, and for which, perhaps, the painter is not answerable.

MR. RUSKIN'S PAMPHLET.

Mr. Ruskin has published a small brochure entitled "Notes on some of the principal pictures exhibited in the rooms of the Royal Academy." This title is not strictly accurate and is certainly deceptive, for only thirty-six pictures are noticed, and of these several cannot be considered as principal pictures in any view of the meaning of that word. The pamphlet is, in fact, as Mr. Ruskin tells us, merely a printed copy of the circular letter which he has found himself compelled to write for the benefit of the friends who are wont to ask his opinion on the pictures of the year; and as he proposes to print yearly similar notes, we hope that he will make his review of the Exhibition in future rather more complete. In general Mr. Ruskin's criticisms are such as we are entirely disposed to agree with, and we have already expressed views somewhat similar to his on many of the pictures noticed.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

A vehement "Protest and Counter-statement against the Report from the Select Committee of the National

Gallery," to which are appended the names of F. J. Hurlstone, William Coningham, Walter Savage Landor, George Long, Thomas Wakley, and thirteen others, represents the "Report" as "a document unworthy of confidence, as inimical to art and as a fraud upon the nation." The report and the evidence upon which it is founded or purports to be founded are compared and analysed at considerable length, and we are bound to say that a very strong case is made by the protesters. Much self-contradiction is shown in the evidence given by several witnesses by whose statements and authority the committee appear to have been considerably influenced. The conclusions at which the committee arrive, particularly with regard to the removal of the Gallery to another site, are vehemently impugned. There is rather too much acrimony in the spirit of the protest, and it would perhaps, have inspired more confidence had it been, to use a phrase of which we hear a great deal in the evidence, a little "toned down." A more hot and fiery atmosphere does not prevail even in the arena of politics than in that of art, and the war waged therein is of the internecine kind.

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

A bust of Mr. Layard, by Patrick Park, is on view at Messrs. Colnaghi's, in Pall Mall.—At the recent sale of Mr. Bernal's prints, in London, a print by Hogarth fetched the large price of 81*l.* 18*s.* It was an impression of "Modern Midnight Conversation," but in a unique state, the word "modern" being spelt with two d's, and there being six lines of poetry appended instead of four. Mr. Bernal originally purchased it for a guinea and a half!—The Photographic Society has appointed a scientific committee to investigate the permanency of photographs, the causes of fading, and the phenomena of the art; and it is the intention of this committee to publish the result of their experiments from time to time. The funds of the Society are made applicable to the investigation, and Prince Albert has contributed 50*l.* to this special purpose. The committee consists of Dr. Diamond, Mr. De la Motte, Mr. Hardwich, Dr. Percy, Mr. Pollock, and Mr. Shadbolt.—Dr. Griesler has discovered that a few drops of spirits of ether will, when mixed with rancid oil, restore its freshness.—M. Horace Vernet has just proceeded to Frohsdorf to paint a portrait of the Count de Chambord, of the size of life. The Count is to be represented on horseback.—At a recent picture sale in Paris, a "Virgin with the Infant Jesus," ascribed to Leonardo da Vinci, went for 101*l.*; a Paul Veronese, "Jacob giving water to the lambs of Rachel," for 84*l.*; a Nicholas Poussin, "Apollo and Daphne," 84*l.*; a Salvator Rosa, "Cain and Abel," 40*l.*; another Rosa, a landscape, for 38*l.*; a Rubens, "Pharisees tempting Christ with Money," 62*l.*; an Andrea di Salerno, a "Holy Family," 46*l.*; a Holbein, "Portrait of a Woman," 21*l.*; and a Jean Van Eyck, a "Virgin Mary," 32*l.*—An official return has been made of the number of works of Art contributed by various countries to the Paris Exhibition. They are thus classified:—

Countries.	No. of Artists.	No. of Paintings.	No. of Sculptures.	No. of Engravings, &c.
Austria	97	107	91	29
Duchy of Baden	11	10	2	10
Bavaria	41	68	2	11
Belgium	134	206	25	20
Denmark	4	3	2	2
Two Sicilies	4	5	1	—
Spain	31	69	7	6
Pontifical States	13	11	13	—
United States	10	36	3	—
Great Britain	295	374	80	329
Jays	1	1	—	—
Holland	75	98	2	30
Peru	2	5	—	—
Portugal	13	22	3	5
Prussia	111	154	38	53
Sardinia	19	36	—	1
Saxony	10	10	—	—
Sweden	24	27	11	13
Norway	11	16	—	—
Switzerland	45	97	8	10
Tuscany	1	1	—	—
Hanseatic Towns	13	16	—	—
Wurtemberg	7	11	—	1
France	1029	1832	354	442

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

NEW MUSIC.

Homeward Returning: Duet. Poetry by EDWARD MORDAUNT SPENCER, Esq.; Music by CHARLES W. GLOVER. London: Campbell, Ransford and Co. The words of this duet flow very smoothly and rhythmically: the sentiment is neither new nor conveyed with any novelty of expression; and, while making every allowance on the imperative character of rhymes, we are not disposed to give immunity to such a termination as the following—"Has even to us been beyond all compare"—from the necessity of the rhyme to "fair." The music is made upon the Helvetian model; the distances of intervals of fifths and sixths above, with the return upon a descending note, being frequently introduced to give the Swiss character. The duet is pleasing on the whole, and

has a dash about it, which carries it through without wearying, although the composer has judiciously appended a note that, if too long, 24 bars might be omitted.

Fantasia on Airs from Verdi's Opera, "Il Trovatore." BRINLEY RICHARDS. London: Leader and Cook.

MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS, whose talent as a pianoforte player is well known, and whose "Commentaries on Welsh Airs" have gained for him considerable popularity, has here brought together some of the most pleasing airs of the opera, and made most agreeable pianoforte music of them. There is sufficient difficulty introduced to stimulate a student; and the professor will find in it an elegant entertainment for a musical soirée.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC CHIT-CHAT.

MISS EDITH HERAUD will shortly appear at the Haymarket, in a new play, in five acts.—Madame Lagrange has arrived in America; and is pronounced by the *New York Musical Review* to be "the greatest performer our present age has at command."—M. Delphat, oldest among the musicians of France, died the other day at Lyons, aged ninety-nine years. To him, says the *Gazette Musicale*, "we owe the first monster concert organised in France."—The original MS. score of "Don Juan"—Mozart's own score, it is attested by the representatives of Herr André, of Offenbach, to whom it was confided for publication—after having been long in the market, and offered to many libraries (that of our own British Museum among the number, we are told), has at last found a purchaser in Madame Viardot. It is described as all but complete, and full of interesting *indicia* and changes made by the composer's own hand.

LITERARY NEWS.

MESSRS. Longmans announce that Mr. Wm. Howitt, author of "Visits to Remarkable Places," lately returned from Australia, has now ready a work called "Land, Labour, and Gold; or, Two Years in Victoria: With Visits to Sydney and Van Diemen's Land."—The third and fourth volumes of Mr. Macaulay's "History of England" are expected to appear in the course of the present year.—The concluding volumes of "Moore's Life," edited by Lord John Russell, are in the press, and will be published very shortly.—The first portion of the long-announced edition of Bacon's Works, edited by Mr. Spedding, Mr. Leslie Ellis, and Mr. Douglas Heath, comprising "The Philosophical Works," is now in the hands of the printers, and it is expected that the publication will commence towards the end of the present year.—A portion of the Journal kept by Thomas Raikes, Esq., from 1831 to 1847, comprising Reminiscences of Social and Political Life in London and Paris during that period, is preparing for immediate publication.—The first volume of the English Translation of Arago's Works will comprise Arago's "Meteorological Essays," translated under the superintendence of, and edited by, Colonel Sabine, and will be ready in June.—An edition of Moore's "Irish Melodies" will appear in the autumn, with twelve finely-executed steel engravings, uniform with the edition of "Lalla Rookh" similarly illustrated. The designs will be by the following artists:—Mr. C. W. Cope, R.A.; Mr. Creswick, R.A.; Mr. Egg; Mr. Frith, R.A.; Mr. Frost; Mr. Horsley; Mr. Millais; Mr. McClise, R.A.; Mr. Mulready, R.A.; Mr. Sant; Mr. Stone; and Mr. Ward.—The publication of Captain McClure's "Account of the Discovery of the North-west Passage" has been delayed by the absence from England of Captain Osborne, of H.M.S. *Vesuvius*, who is now commanding an expedition against the Russians on the south coasts of the Black Sea, and in whose hands Captain McClure placed his journals and papers. The arrival of the concluding portion of the MSS. is, however, daily expected.

It is said (by the *Edinburgh Witness*) that the Lord Advocate has been for some time engaged in preparing a Memoir of Lord Cockburn.—"Our Friends in Hell" is the title of a new publication by the Rev. J. M. Killen, M.A., of Glasgow.—The *Edinburgh Guardian* (a sixpenny weekly) announces that it will become a penny daily newspaper after the passing of the new law, and oddly gives as a reason for the change that "it has now been in existence rather more than two years, and during that time it has experienced a degree of public favour that has rarely fallen to the lot of any Scottish newspaper during a similar period of its history."—The *Literary Gazette* informs us that "Prince Metternich has long possessed the manuscript of an unpublished play, by Lope de Vega, called *Dona Maria de Aragon*. He has recently determined on having the piece printed. The manuscript was given to the Prince by the Duke de Ossuna."—An edition of Bryant's Poems has just been published at Dessau, in Prussia, by the house of Katz Brothers. It forms the first of their series of Standard Americans, which they are publishing under the editorial superintendence of Dr. Karl Elze. The following address "to the reader" precedes the poems:—"I have been asked to consent

that an edition of my poems should be published at Dessau, in Germany, solely for circulation on the continent of Europe. To this request I have the more readily yielded, inasmuch as the reputation enjoyed by the gentleman under whose inspection the volume will pass through the press, assures me that the edition will be faithfully and minutely accurate. William Cullen Bryant. New York, November 2, 1853." The next work of the series that is announced is Sparks' Life of Franklin, and the third, Longfellow's Writings.

Peter Cunningham thus pleasantly gossips in the columns of the *Illustrated News*:—"The last week has witnessed two literary announcements, one of which is sure to be received with pleasure by hundreds of thousands—we might say millions—of persons in England and America, and, indeed, wherever the English language is spoken or English genius appreciated. The second is almost equally sure to be welcomed with gratification by a smaller and more select circle. The first is a new work by Mr. Charles Dickens, in shilling parts, with illustrations by Hablot Browne—to make its appearance in November; the second is a new volume of poems by Mr. Alfred Tennyson. The muse of the Poet Laureate has produced a volume called 'Maud and other Poems.' The name is not happy, inasmuch as it is provocative:—

Is there a poet much bemused (be-Mexed) with beer,
A Maudin poetess, a rhyming peer?

So sings Pope; but Mr. Tennyson is essentially a poet; and we have no fear of receiving maudin poetry from his muse. We all remember (it occurred in our own time) the unhappy title of 'Poetic Virgils,' said to have been printed 'Poetic Virgils,' and the 'Prose and Verse' of a real wit, which a cockney compositor or a good-natured friend reduced to 'Prose and Verse.'—Theodore Hook's cottage at Fulham, modestly sitting under the shadow of the trees of the See of London, that skirt the Thames where our noble river is last seen in her pastoral character, is on the eve of destruction, and the hammer of the auctioneer is scattering while we write the parterres and upland lawns of Wimbledon, which the late Mrs. Marryat (that liberal supporter of all our Horticultural Exhibitions) formed and decorated with a true relish for Nature in her happiest mood. Associations vanish from before us too rapidly. What cannot Time destroy?

Where's Troy and where's the Maypole in the Strand?

Time, the genius of improvement, and the march of commerce, are fast removing some of our interesting associates in the environs of London. Other associations will grow up; but we must regret many that are irrevocably gone.

The birthday of the poet Moore was lately celebrated by a grand musical commemoration at the Ancient Concert Rooms, Dublin. The Lord-Lieutenant honoured the performance with his presence.—The Archbishop of Canterbury has conferred on Dr. Grindrod, of Malvern, the rare and distinguished honour of an additional degree of Doctor of Medicine, confirmed by and registered in the Court of Chancery. The same honour was granted many years ago to Sir Charles Clarke.—The Government at Melbourne have exempted editors and sub-editors of daily newspapers from serving on juries, and have remitted fines incurred for non-attendance.—The Society of Anti-quaries has accepted Mr. Ruskin's offer of an annual subscription of 25*l.*; and are raising a fund for the proper preservation of Medieval buildings, intending to try and put a stop to amateur restoration.—Dr. Veron, the noted author of the "Mémoires d'un Bourgeois de Paris," has been admitted a member of the Société des Gens de Lettres of France. He has presented the society with the sum of 400*l.*, and has requested that it may be distributed in prizes for the best treatises "On Literature and Literary Men in the Present Century," on "Balzac and his Works," and on "Gold-seekers in the Present Century," also for the best tale of a certain length.

A book was sold at Newcastle last week, viz., the Trial and Execution of Charles Smith, who was hanged at Newcastle for murder, containing a piece of his skin tanned into leather for the purpose.—In the Court of Exchequer, Dublin, an action was brought by Mr. Charles Roussele, a performer of feats of strength, against the proprietor of *Saunders's News Letter*, for neglecting to insert an advertisement challenging another artist to a trial of strength. Damages were laid at 100*l.* The jury returned a verdict for the defendant, with costs; holding that the editor of a newspaper has a right to exclude any matter he pleases.—The new regulations for posting books, papers, &c. are as follows:—Postage rates: for a packet, not exceeding 4 ounces, 1*d.*; ditto, exceeding 4 ounces and not exceeding 8 ounces, 2*d.*; ditto, exceeding 8 ounces and not exceeding 16 ounces, 4*d.*; ditto, exceeding 1*lb.* and not exceeding 1*½lb.* 6*d.*; and so on, 2*d.* being charged for every additional half-pound or any less weight. The postage must be prepaid in full by means of postage stamps affixed outside the packet or its cover. Every packet must be sent either without a cover, or in a cover open at the ends or sides. Parcels charged less than 4*d.* must contain only printed matter; but if the postage amounts to 4*d.*, prints, maps, parchment, paper, &c., printed, written, or plain, may be forwarded, but such parcels

are not to contain anything in the shape of a letter. No book packet can be received exceeding 2 feet in any direction.—M. Hulot, one of the chiefs in the electrolyte department of the French Mint, has discovered that the newly-discovered metal, aluminium, may replace platina as an element of the galvanic pile, and that this metal, having zinc as an electric negative element, gives rise to a considerable disengagement of hydrogen for several hours.—The electric telegraph announces a partial eclipse of the sun at St. Petersburg on the morning of the 2nd.—The following extract from a letter written by the Rev. Joseph Edkins, of Shanghai, to Mr. Robert Hall, jun., appears in the *Literary Gazette*:—"You will have seen an account of the great earthquake in Japan. The newspaper notices of it will not mention the coincidence in time of a remarkable rising of water in all the land streams near Hangchow, Hoochow, and Kiating. It happened on the 24th of December, the day after the earthquake at Simoda, at 5 p.m. The water rose to different heights, varying from half a foot to two or three feet in various parts of the region containing those three cities. The water had gone back to its own level in half an hour. Nothing has been said of any alterations in the form of the land surface. The land streams in that region are quite shut off from the sea by a system of embankments made long ago to keep out the waters of the ocean. The water at Hangchow and Chapoo is a little salt through the oozing in of sea-water, but there is never any tide there inland. The tides that come in by the mouth of the Yang-tze-Kiang do not reach to this part, extending no further than sixty miles up the Shanghai river, the Hwang-poo."

DRAMA, PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS, &c.

HAYMARKET.—*Love's Martyrdom*: an original drama in five acts. By Mr. Saunders.
OPERA.—*Il Trovatore*.
Gossip.

A new play, warranted original, is a sensation; whether agreeable or the reverse depends entirely upon the author of it. There is a great cry for originality nowadays, and the cry is a sincere one, and it is founded upon a real and shameful national want; our glory seems departed, and people talk regretfully even of the days of Holcroft. But for all this we do not feel any obligation to admire a piece simply and for no other reason than because it is original. There are *faggots* and *faggots*, say the French, and a piece most conscientiously original may be unmitigatedly and confoundingly bad. Many original things are notoriously bad—original sin for instance; and, although I believe that there are persons who profess to prefer a bad original to a good translation (on principle), I must confess that I am not of that way of thinking, and that, however much as a moralist I may disapprove the custom of stealing from the French, as a play-goer I prefer even that dishonest species of amusement to the common-places of a man who sits down without a new idea, a new feeling, a new plot, or even a new phrase, to bore me with five long acts of his original dullness. Such is my appreciation of *Love's Martyrdom* (be it right or wrong, and, as it differs widely from the mass of able critics whose verdicts upon it I have had the great advantage of reading, I suppose I must believe it to be wrong), that I don't believe I ever saw a piece which sent me away so ill-satisfied, both with the author, the actors, and the manager. The story is of the oldest old pattern; the diction is either tiresomely rapid or ostentatiously grand; the points are the stalest common-places, dizzied out with gaudy words to make them look as smart as possible; if haply a thought not worn threadbare does chance to find itself in such strange company, it is so persecuted and pulled about, so diluted and weakened, that long before it is done with it becomes worse than useless, and one feels almost glad to revert to the dull level from which the mind has been so purposelessly dragged. Yet such is the feeling that five acts of original drama is the correct thing, or such the public apathy in these matters, or such the undecided tendency of the public taste, or such the depreciation of the public standard by the villanies which it generally has to measure, or perhaps, after all, such the tolerance of mediocrity striving to amuse it—whether it was for one or all of these reasons, the audience submitted to their martyrdom in silence, and permitted the score or so of friends to get up a mock success, which other friends upon the journals have not been slow to record with all solemn gravity.

Such a piece as *Love's Martyrdom* is really not worth the trouble of a detailed analysis. There is a heroine (an heiress, of course) who is to marry a devoted hunchback; hunchback is dreadfully jealous of a handsome brother, and makes himself and everybody else very uncomfortable all through the piece with his doubts, convictions, repinings, repentings, quarrels, and makings-up again. Then there is an Iago, an "inexorable dog," who, because handsome brother is loved by a lady whom Iago loves, makes terrible mischief for everybody. That it all comes

right in the end, that Iago is punished and exposed, that Othello marries Desdemona, with an expressed intention to be comfortable, and that Michael Cassio (the handsome brother) gets well of his wound, and repents the evils of his seductive ways, is very natural. I do not mean to say that their names are Othello, &c.; but they might just as well be so for anything in the plot to the contrary. By the way, it is a curious coincidence that the handsome brother (who, being played by Mr. H. Farren, junior, is not at all handsome) bears the name of Clarence. Why not call the hunchback himself Richard? Not having a copy of the piece, I can furnish but few specimens of the language, and the reader has cause to be thankful that this is so. Two lines, indeed, *did* print themselves upon the memory, and may be quoted as rather above than under the level of the entire. They are spoken by the heroine (Miss Helen Faucit), who uses them to convey a just impression of her state of mind after a sudden surprise:

I feel as once when, groping in the dark,
My warm hand fell upon a slimy toad.

Two bright spots there were, shining in resplendent contrast with this dull ground of mediocrity—the acting of Mr. Howe and Miss Swanborough: the former a painter and bosom friend of the hunchback; the latter his sister, who had suffered herself to be led astray by Clarence. These admirable artists, by the excellence of their acting and judicious rendering of the poor stuff put into their mouths, more than once saved the piece from the merited indignation of an over-taxed public.

If Mr. Buckstone has made a mistake in producing such a piece, it is to be hoped, for his own sake, that he will make a prompt and thorough confession of his error by at once withdrawing it. A few interested persons may give it a fictitious success for a night or two; but true popularity, and that profit which the general tenor of Mr. Buckstone's management deserves, are not to be obtained by such arts.

Il Trovatore continues to hold its ground at the Italian Opera, despite the covert and open sneers of the critics. It seems strange that this opera, which achieved a tremendous success in the musical capital of Europe, should have been treated by the English critics as if it were little better than a Victoria melodrama with a few more songs than common. The criticisms of our musical Rhadamanthuses who write for the dailies (and who are such wonderful men that they can hear a long opera, consider both its plot, its instrumentation, and its vocalisation, all at once, and then serve up a capital opinion with the hot rolls next morning), have rather amused the *cognoscenti* of Paris. One flippant gentleman, who never rose beyond scoring a song, says of that splendid illustration of wild, monotonous despair, "Stride la vampa," that the sameness of the four verses is a striking instance of the poverty of the composer's imagination. Some of those pieces in the opera which were most applauded in Paris here fell flat and unheeded—the glorious hammer chorus in the opening of the second act for instance.

The English company of actors now in Paris have commenced operations with Shakspeare's tragedy of *Macbeth*. After the immense and deserved success of La Ristori, one of the greatest, perhaps the greatest actress in the world, the chance of a third-rate English company making any sensation must be very small. Miss Rosina Wright is with them, to lighten up the heavy business with a little of her graceful dancing, and the French play-bills advertise her as Miss ROSINA WRIGHT.

M. Levasor and Mlle. Teseire have commenced a series of comical entertainments at the St. James's. The former is too well known and appreciated to need a compliment or recommendation here; but he will, at least, permit me to offer him a welcome.

Gossip says that Miss Edith Heraud, the charming actress who made such a favourable impression as Miranda in Shakspeare's *Pericles*, is shortly to appear in a new play at the Haymarket. May it be true, and may she prosper!

JACQUES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Arthur's (T. S.) True Riches, 32mo. 8d. swd. cl.
Aspen Court, by Shirley Brooks, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. bds.
Aston's Tables showing Income-Tax of 1641, 114d. and 81d. in the £. 1s.
Bain's (Rev. A.) Senses and the Intellect, 8vo. 15s. cl.
Bell's English Poets, Vol. XVIII.: Shakspeare, fcp. 8vo. 2s. 6d.
Biddulph's (Capt.) Topographical Sketches of Ground before Sevastopol, Part II., 4s. swd.
Bohn's Cheap Series: Life of Washington, by Irving, Vol. I., 2s. 6d.
Bohn's Class. Lib.: Natural History of Pliny, Vol. II., 5s. cl.
Bohn's Stand. Lib.: History of Russia, edited by Kelly, Vol. II., 3s. 6d.
Book of Common Prayer, as now in Use, and as Revised 1699, 3s. 6d.
Bord's (Rev. J.) Sovereignty of God, fcp. 8vo. 5s. cl.
Broken Pitcher, illust. 12mo. 2s. 6d. cl.
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CURIOUS PROPHECIES OF THE WAR.—Under this head the following predictions, sent by Dr. Cumming, appear in the *Illustrated London News* of Saturday. The first, which is a poetical one, is said to be quoted from an old volume, written in the fifteenth century:—

In twice two hundred years, the Bear
The Crescent will assail;
But, if the Cock and Bull unite,
The Bear will not prevail.
But mark, in twice ten years again—
Let Islam know and fear—
The Cross shall stand, the Crescent wane,
Dissolve, and disappear.

The other is from a work in the Augustinian Monastery at Rome, entitled "De Fluctibus Mystice Navis, 1675," and is as follows:—"Before the middle of the nineteenth century seditions will be excited everywhere in Europe; famines, pestilences, and earthquakes will spread desolation over many cities. Rome will lose her sceptre; the Pope will be made captive by his own people. A prince from the north will overrun Europe; his sword will vigorously defend the Church, uphold the orthodox faith, and subdue the Moslem." These, says Dr. Cumming, were plainly drawn from inspired prophecy; their fulfilment bears proof of their origin. In relation to these communications from Dr. Cumming, the editor remarks:—"Perhaps Dr. Cumming will inform the world of the title of the 'old volume' written in the fifteenth century, and further state where it may be seen? Without such information, 'the cock and bull' referred to in the 'prediction' will be applied, we fear, both by good and by ill-natured readers to designate the character of the Rev. Doctor's communication to our columns."

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NO YOUNG QUAKERS.—The following humorous correspondence occurred between the late Rev. Sydney Smith and the Countess of Morley as to the impossibility of there ever being young Quakers, and the "reason why." Sydney, in continuation of previous epistles, says to her Ladyship:—"Pray, understand me rightly; I do not give the Bluecoat theory as an established fact, but as a highly probable conjecture. Look at the circumstances. At a very early age young Quakers disappear; at a very early age the Coat-boys are seen. At the age of seventeen or eighteen young Quakers are again seen; at the same age the Coat-boys disappear. Who has ever heard of a Coat-man? The thing is utterly unknown in natural history. Upon what other evidence does the migration of the grub into the aurelia rest? After a certain number of days the grub is no more seen, and the aurelia flutters over his relics. That such a prominent fact should have escaped our naturalists is truly astonishing. I had long suspected it, but was afraid to come out with a speculation so bold; and now mention it as protected and sanctioned by you. Dissection would throw great light upon the question; and if our friend — would receive two boys into his house about the time of their changing their coats, great service would be rendered to the cause. Our friend Lord Grey, not remarkable for his attention to natural history, was a good deal struck with the novelty and ingenuity of the hypothesis. I have ascertained that the young Bluecoat infants are fed with drab-coloured pap, which looks very suspicious. More hereafter on this interesting subject. Where real science is to be promoted, I will make no apology to your Ladyship for this intrusion." To this the Countess, who seems to have been a wag of the first water, rejoins:—"Had I received your letter two days since I should have said that your arguments and theory were perfectly convincing, and that the most obstinate sceptic must have yielded to them; but I have come across a person in that interval who gives me information which puts us all to sea again. That the Bluecoat boy should be the larva of the Quaker in Great Britain is possible, and even probable; but we must take a wider view of the question; and here, I confess, I am bewildered by doubts and difficulties. The Bluecoat is an indigenous animal—not so the Quaker; and now be so good as to give your whole mind to the facts I have to communicate. I have seen and talked much with Sir R. Kerr Porter on this interesting subject. He has travelled over the whole habitable globe, and has penetrated with a scientific and scrutinising eye into regions hitherto unexplored by civilised man; and yet he has never seen a Quaker baby. He has lived for years in Philadelphia (the national nest for Quakers); he has roamed up and down broadways and lengthways, in every nook and corner of Pennsylvania, and yet he never saw a Quaker baby; and what is new and most striking, never did he see a Quaker lady in a situation which gave hope that a Quaker baby might be seen hereafter. This is a stunning fact, and involving the question in such impene-trable mystery as will, I fear, defy even your sagacity, acuteness, and industry to elucidate. But let us not be checked and cast down; truth is the end and object of our research. Let us not bate one jot of heart and hope, but still bear up and steer our course right onward."—*Memoirs of Sydney Smith, by his daughter, Lady Holland, edited by Mrs. Austin.*—[Lady Holland (2nd), wife of Sir Henry Holland, Bart., physician to the Queen, and author of "Medical Notes and Reflections."]

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Fine Cheshire Cheese, by the cheese	0 8 per lb.
Very good ditto, ditto.	0 7 1/2 "
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The marks of Smallpox, and other disfigurements, removed from the
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It is guaranteed to produce Whiskers, Moustaches, Eyebrows, &c., in
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